LADY LUCK
I.C.D. 8
A QUALITY COMIC PUBLICATION
AUGUST
No. 90
THE ANGEL-FACED
CRIME FIGHTER
versus
AN IRRESISTIBLE MATA HARI
IN A ROLLICKING, SHIVERING
TALE OF
ESPIONAGE!
10¢
GREAT

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

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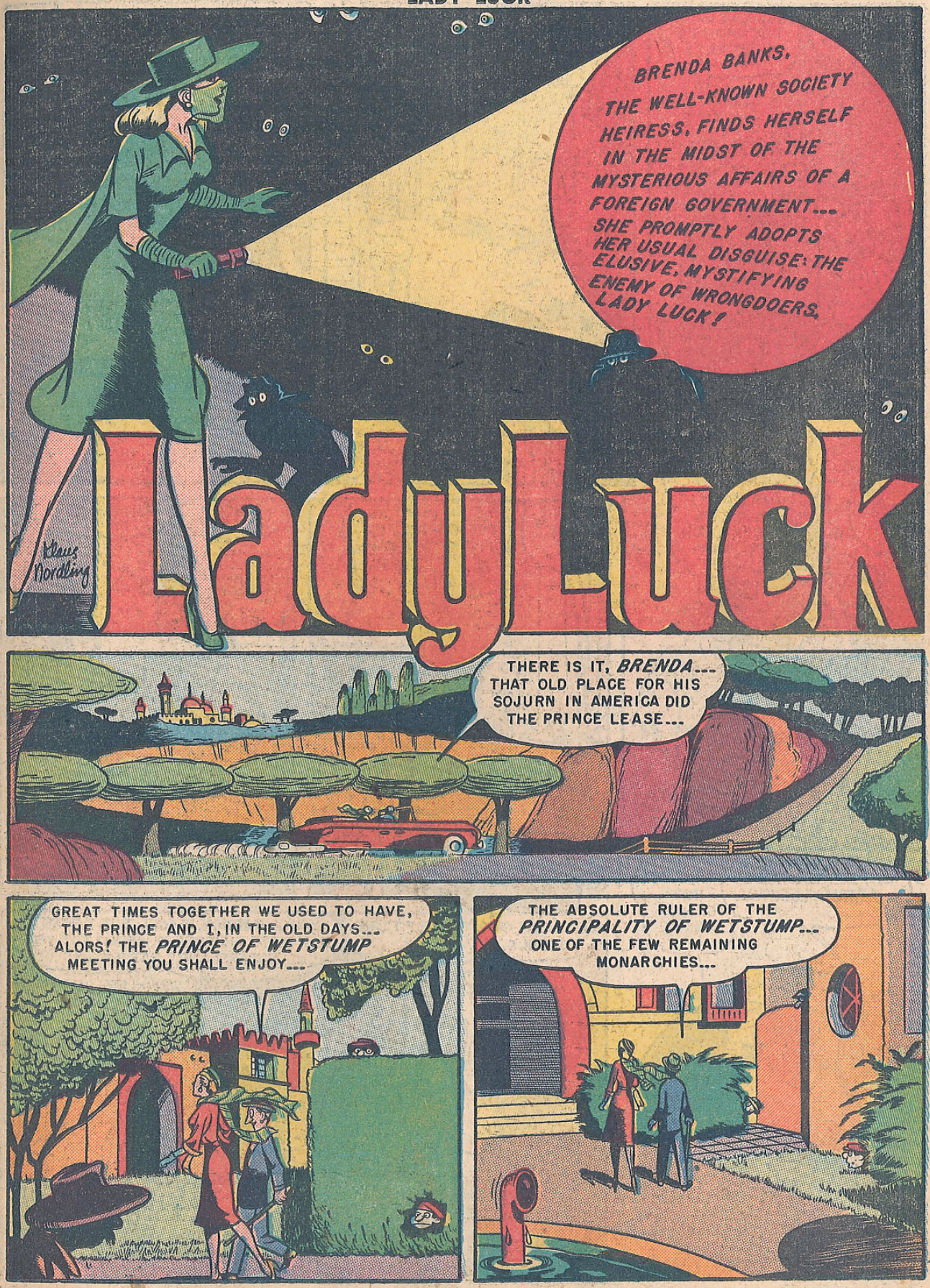
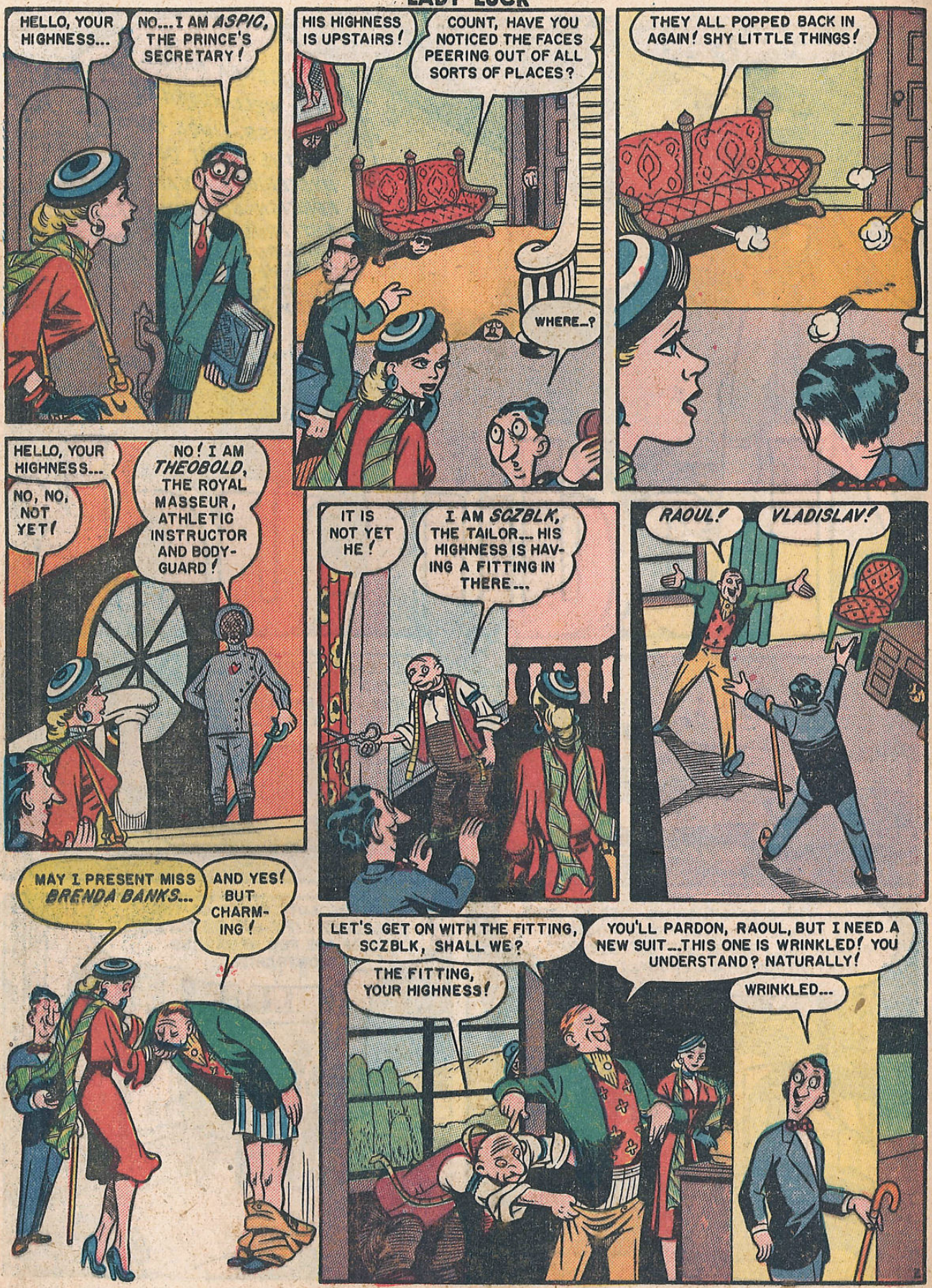
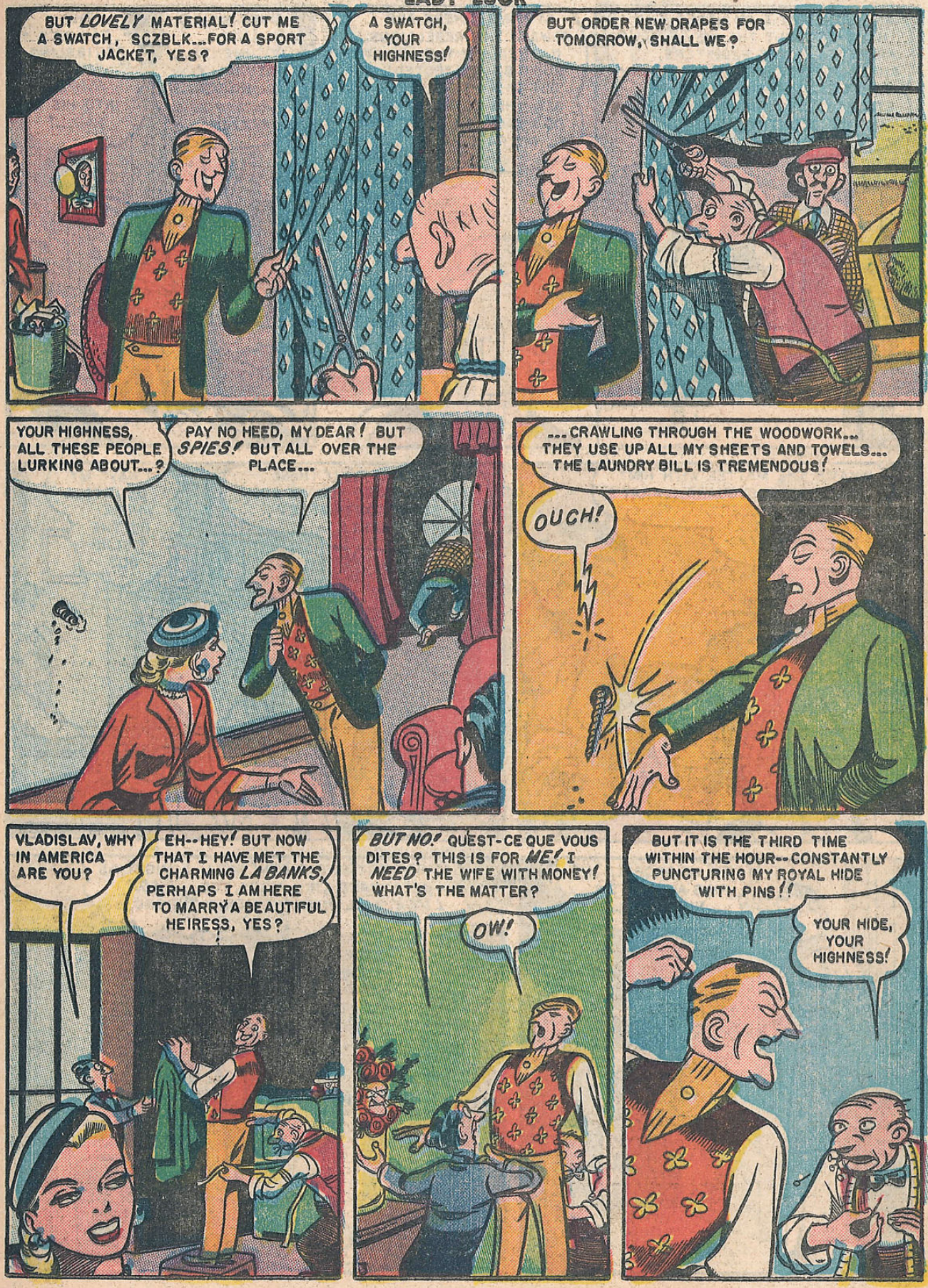
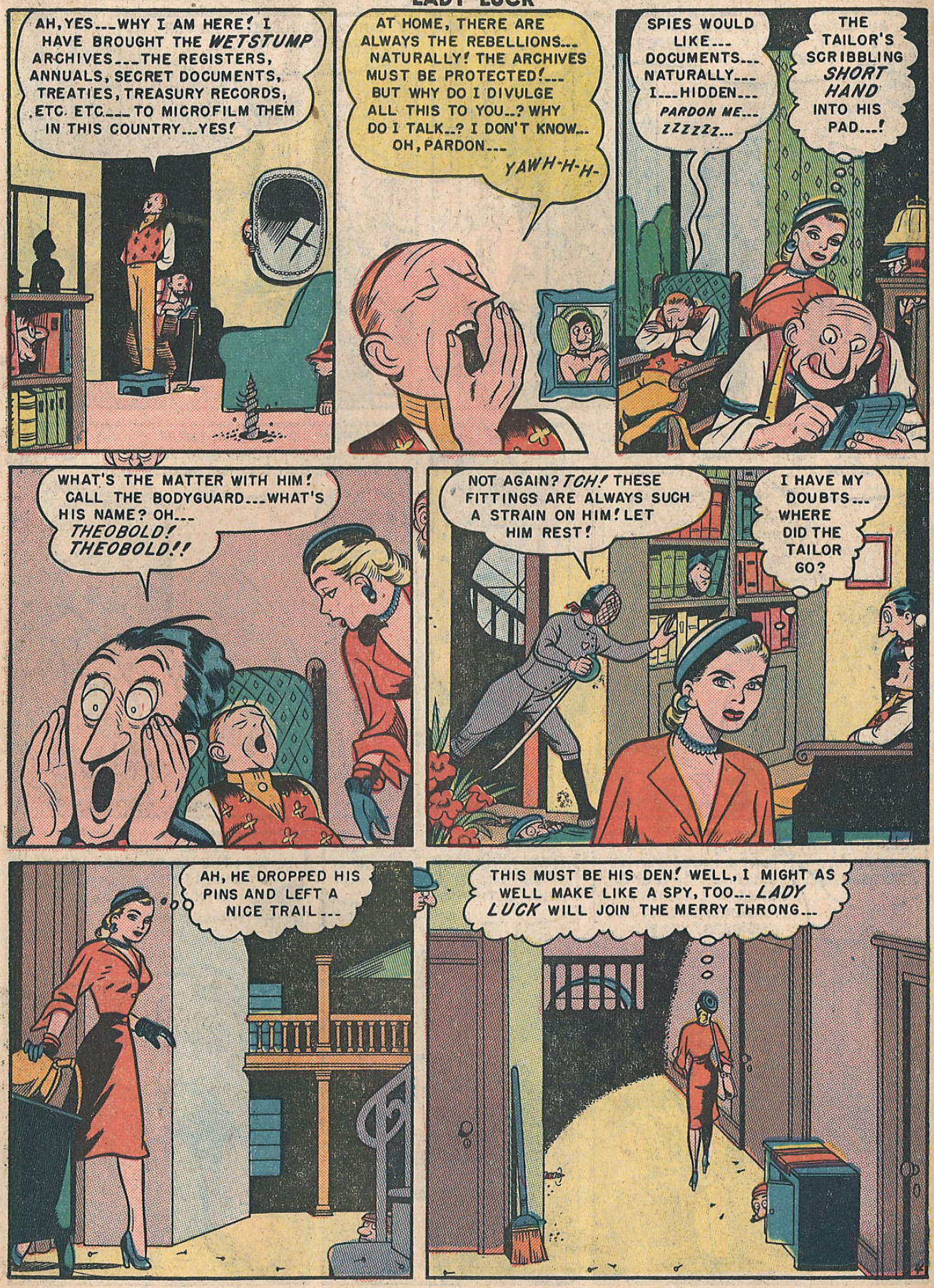
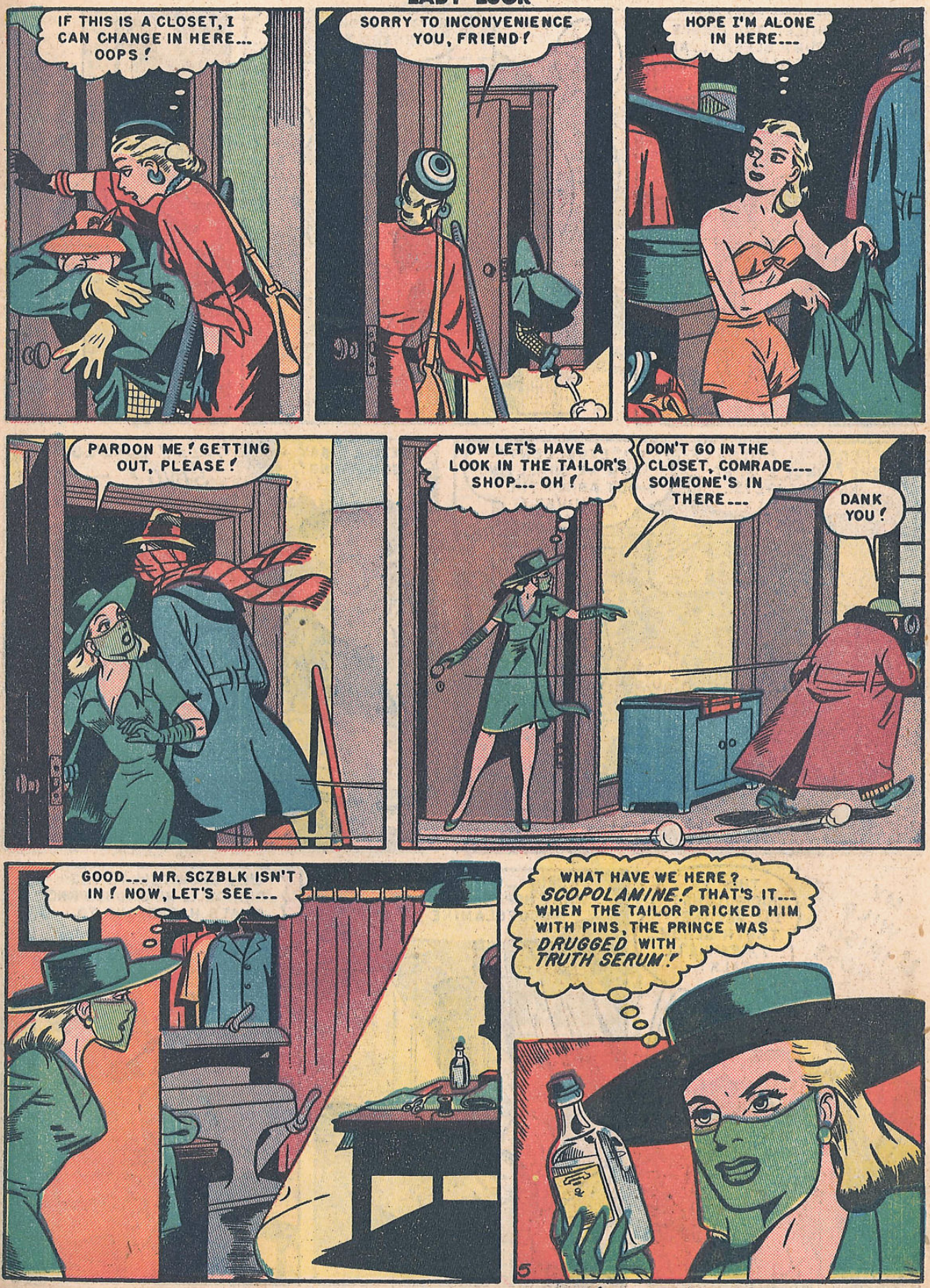

BRENDA BANKS, THE WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY HEIRESS, FINDS HERSELF IN THE MIDST OF THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIRS OF A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT... SHE PROMPTLY ADOPTS HER USUAL DISGUISE: THE ELUSIVE, MYSTIFYING ENEMY OF WRONGDOERS, LADY LUCK!
Lady Luck
Klaus Nordling
THERE IS IT, BRENDA... THAT OLD PLACE FOR HIS SOJURN IN AMERICA DID THE PRINCE LEASE...
GREAT TIMES TOGETHER WE USED TO HAVE, THE PRINCE AND I, IN THE OLD DAYS... ALORS! THE PRINCE OF WETSTUMP MEETING YOU SHALL ENJOY...
THE ABSOLUTE RULER OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF WETSTUMP... ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING MONARCHIES...


HELLO, YOUR HIGHNESS...
NO... I AM ASPIC, THE PRINCE'S SECRETARY!
HIS HIGHNESS IS UPSTAIRS!
COUNT, HAVE YOU NOTICED THE FACES PEERING OUT OF ALL SORTS OF PLACES?
WHERE...?
THEY ALL POPPED BACK IN AGAIN! SHY LITTLE THINGS!
HELLO, YOUR HIGHNESS...
NO, NO, NOT YET!
NO! I AM THEOBOLD, THE ROYAL MASSEUR, ATHLETIC INSTRUCTOR AND BODY-GUARD!
IT IS NOT YET HE!
I AM SCZBLK, THE TAILOR... HIS HIGHNESS IS HAVING A FITTING IN THERE...
RAOUL!
VLADISLAV!
MAY I PRESENT MISS BRENDA BANKS...
AND YES! BUT CHARMING!
LET'S GET ON WITH THE FITTING, SCZBLK, SHALL WE?
THE FITTING, YOUR HIGHNESS!
YOU'LL PARDON, RAOUL, BUT I NEED A NEW SUIT... THIS ONE IS WRINKLED! YOU UNDERSTAND? NATURALLY!
WRINKLED...


BUT LOVELY MATERIAL! CUT ME A SWATCH, SCZBLK...FOR A SPORT JACKET, YES?
A SWATCH, YOUR HIGHNESS!
BUT ORDER NEW DRAPES FOR TOMORROW, SHALL WE?
YOUR HIGHNESS, ALL THESE PEOPLE LURKING ABOUT...?
PAY NO HEED, MY DEAR! BUT SPIES! BUT ALL OVER THE PLACE...
...CRAWLING THROUGH THE WOODWORK... THEY USE UP ALL MY SHEETS AND TOWELS... THE LAUNDRY BILL IS TREMENDOUS!
OUCH!
VLADISLAV, WHY IN AMERICA ARE YOU?
EH--HEY! BUT NOW THAT I HAVE MET THE CHARMING LA BANKS, PERHAPS I AM HERE TO MARRY A BEAUTIFUL HEIRESS, YES?
BUT NO! QUEST-CE QUE VOUS DITES? THIS IS FOR ME! I NEED THE WIFE WITH MONEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
OW!
BUT IT IS THE THIRD TIME WITHIN THE HOUR--CONSTANTLY PUNCTURING MY ROYAL HIDE WITH PINS!!
YOUR HIDE, YOUR HIGHNESS!

LADY LUCK

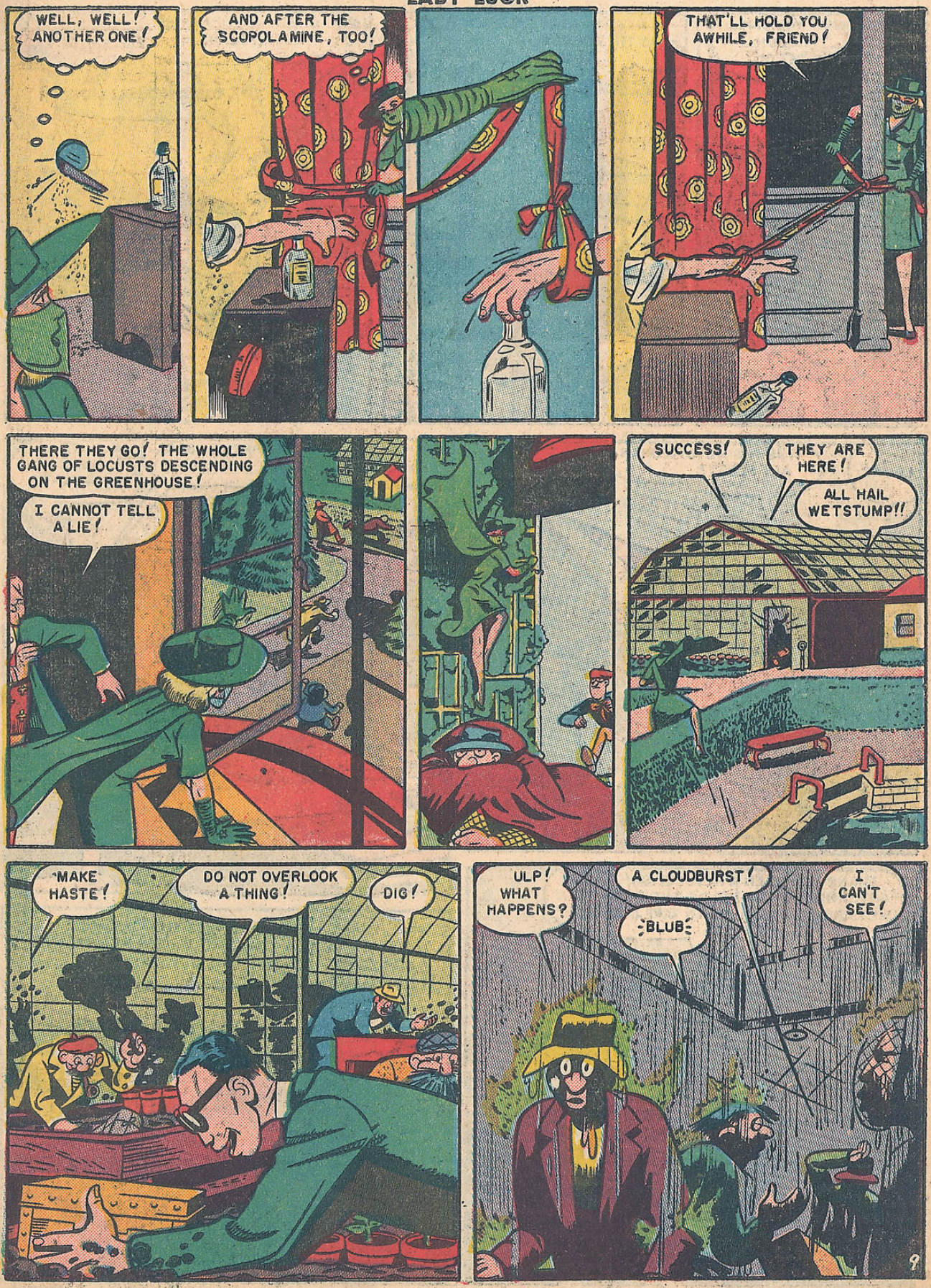

AH, YES---WHY I AM HERE! I HAVE BROUGHT THE WETSTUMP ARCHIVES---THE REGISTERS, ANNUALS, SECRET DOCUMENTS, TREATIES, TREASURY RECORDS, ETC. ETC.---TO MICROFILM THEM IN THIS COUNTRY---YES!
AT HOME, THERE ARE ALWAYS THE REBELLIONS--- NATURALLY! THE ARCHIVES MUST BE PROTECTED!--- BUT WHY DO I DIVULGE ALL THIS TO YOU...? WHY DO I TALK...? I DON'T KNOW... OH, PARDON---
YAWH-H-H-
SPIES WOULD LIKE--- DOCUMENTS--- NATURALLY--- I---HIDDEN--- PARDON ME--- ZZZZZZ...
THE TAILOR'S SCRIBBLING SHORT HAND INTO HIS PAD---!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM! CALL THE BODYGUARD---WHAT'S HIS NAME? OH--- THEOBOLD! THEOBOLD!!
NOT AGAIN? TCH! THESE FITTINGS ARE ALWAYS SUCH A STRAIN ON HIM! LET HIM REST!
I HAVE MY DOUBTS--- WHERE DID THE TAILOR GO?
AH, HE DROPPED HIS PINS AND LEFT A NICE TRAIL---
THIS MUST BE HIS DEN! WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE LIKE A SPY, TOO--- LADY LUCK WILL JOIN THE MERRY THRONG---

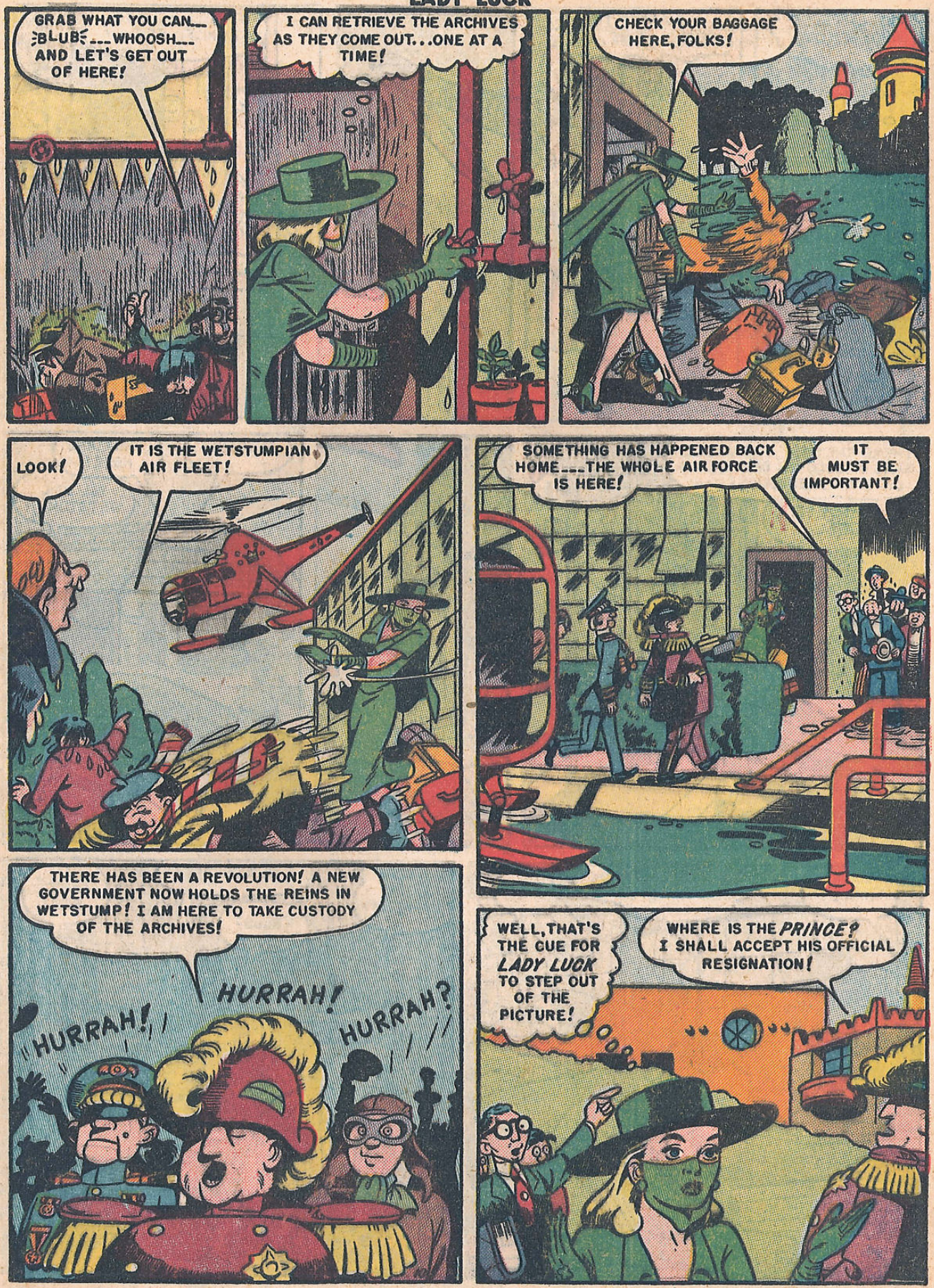

IF THIS IS A CLOSET, I CAN CHANGE IN HERE... OOPS!
SORRY TO INCONVENIENCE YOU, FRIEND!
HOPE I'M ALONE IN HERE...
PARDON ME! GETTING OUT, PLEASE!
NOW LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN THE TAILOR'S SHOP... OH!
DON'T GO IN THE CLOSET, COMRADE... SOMEONE'S IN THERE...
DANK YOU!
GOOD... MR. SCZBLK ISN'T IN! NOW, LET'S SEE...
WHAT HAVE WE HERE? SCOPOLAMINE! THAT'S IT... WHEN THE TAILOR PRICKED HIM WITH PINS, THE PRINCE WAS DRUGGED WITH TRUTH SERUM!

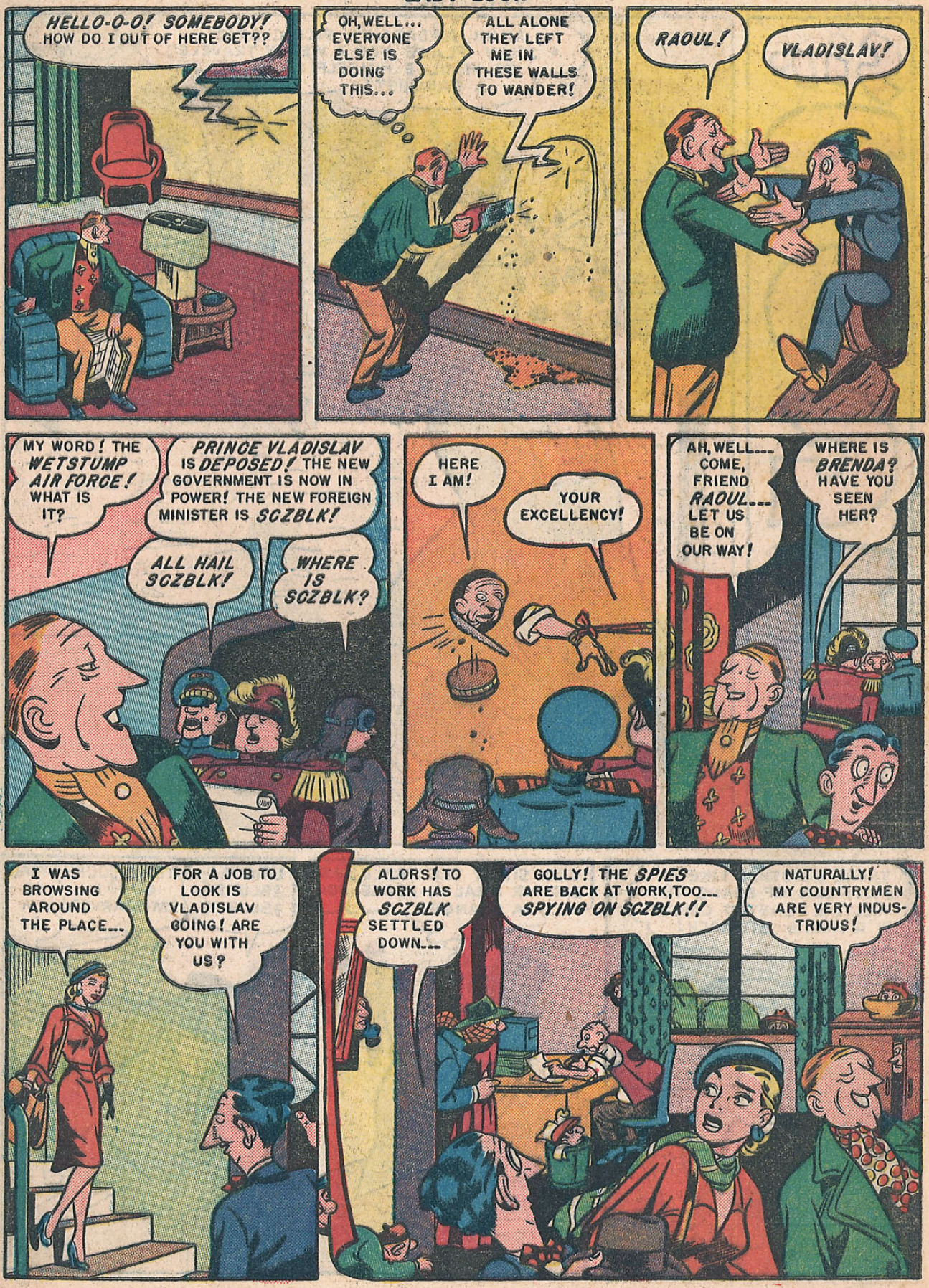
MEANWHILE...THE PRINCE OF WETSTUMP SLEEPS... AND COUNT DI CHANGE KEEPS A LOYAL VIGIL...
?
?
WHO IS BACK THERE? PERHAPS THIS DOOR...
?
A PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE PRINCE'S MUST KNOW SECRETS...
SO! EXCELLENT! NOW WE SHALL FIND OUT ABOUT THE ARCHIVES!
WELL...! SAY SOMETHING!
TALK! DIVULGE! SING!
SING!!
MY WILD IRISH ROSE
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'LL GET THE TRUTH SERUM— THEN HE'LL TALK!
WHERE... WHERE IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SCOPOLAMINE??
I'LL SHOW THIS TO THE PRINCE... HE SHOULD KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM...

WAKE UP, YOUR HIGHNESS! TRY TO THINK.... THE DOCUMENTS....
YESSSS... HIDDEN...
!
WHAT....? WHO ARE YOU? YOU ARE NOT ONE OF US! YOU'RE A SPY!
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING SO EXCITED ABOUT?
A DIRTY, SPYING, MEDDLING COUNTER-REVOLUTIONIST, EH?
WHATEVER YOU SAY....SOME PEOPLE CALL ME LADY LUCK!
OW!!
FRIEND OF YOURS?
SO YOU TRIED TO WORM SECRETS OUT OF THE PRINCE, TOO, THEOBOLD!
WHO STABBED ME THROUGH THE WALL? AHA! STAND STILL A MINUTE, WOMAN!
AIEEE!
FIRST WE'LL...
...GET RID OF THIS!
7

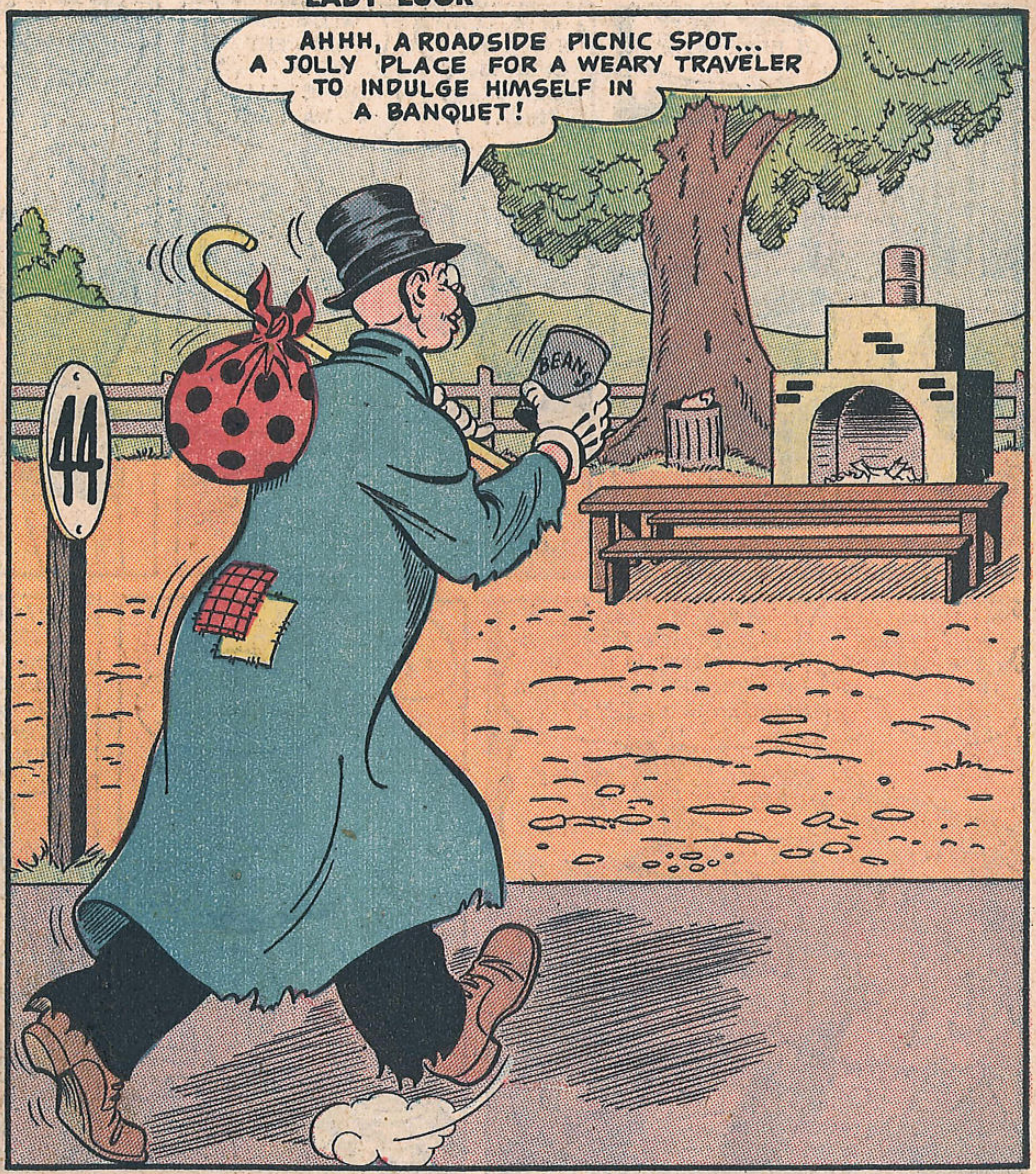
ISN'T ANYBODY IN THIS HOUSEHOLD NOT A SPY?
BRAVO! BRAVO! GREAT SHOW!
OH, YOU'RE AWAKE! LISTEN, PRINCE...YOU CAN PUT THE SPIES ON THE WRONG TRACK... WHEN I ASK YOU ALOUD, "WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE ARCHIVES?", YOU ANNOUNCE SOME FAKE HIDING PLACE!
YOUR HIGHNESS, WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE ARCHIVES?
BURIED IN THE SEEDBEDS IN THE GREENHOUSE ...NEAR THE SWIMMING POOL!
ASPIC, DID YOU HEAR THAT?
I HAVE IT ALL DOWN!
THEY FELL FOR IT! WHEN THEY FAIL TO FIND THE STUFF IN THE GREENHOUSE, THEY'LL BE STUMPED!
BUT IT IS TRUE! THEY ARE IN THE GREENHOUSE... I TOLD THE TRUTH!
OH, NO! YOU'RE STILL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE TRUTH DRUG!
YOU ARE A SPY, TOO, YES? BUT A PRETTY ONE!
NO, NO, I'M ON YOUR SIDE, PRINCE!
I CANNOT TELL A LIE...YOU ARE UTTERLY CHARMING!
WOULD YOU NOT CARE TO BE MY PRINCESS? YES?
SHHH...! WHAT'S THAT SOUND? SAWING...?

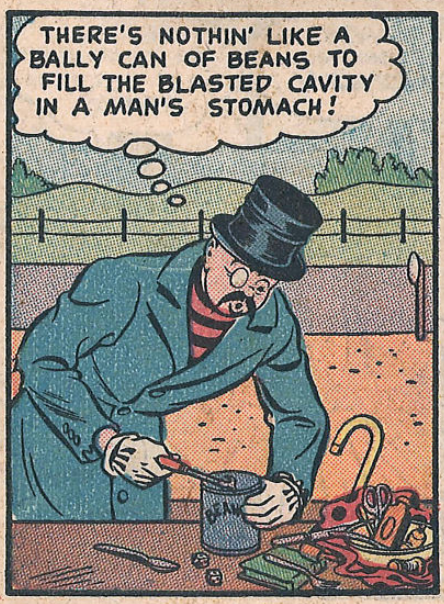

WELL, WELL! ANOTHER ONE!
AND AFTER THE SCOPOLAMINE, TOO!
THAT'LL HOLD YOU AWHILE, FRIEND!
THERE THEY GO! THE WHOLE GANG OF LOCUSTS DESCENDING ON THE GREENHOUSE!
I CANNOT TELL A LIE!
SUCCESS!
THEY ARE HERE!
ALL HAIL WETSTUMP!!
MAKE HASTE!
DO NOT OVERLOOK A THING!
DIG!
ULP! WHAT HAPPENS?
A CLOUDBURST!
BLUB
I CAN'T SEE!


GRAB WHAT YOU CAN... BLUBS....WHOOSH.... AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
I CAN RETRIEVE THE ARCHIVES AS THEY COME OUT...ONE AT A TIME!
CHECK YOUR BAGGAGE HERE, FOLKS!
LOOK!
IT IS THE WETSTUMPIAN AIR FLEET!
SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED BACK HOME....THE WHOLE AIR FORCE IS HERE!
IT MUST BE IMPORTANT!
THERE HAS BEEN A REVOLUTION! A NEW GOVERNMENT NOW HOLDS THE REINS IN WETSTUMP! I AM HERE TO TAKE CUSTODY OF THE ARCHIVES!
HURRAH!
HURRAH!
HURRAH?
WELL, THAT'S THE CUE FOR LADY LUCK TO STEP OUT OF THE PICTURE!
WHERE IS THE PRINCE? I SHALL ACCEPT HIS OFFICIAL RESIGNATION!


HELLO-O-O! SOMEBODY! HOW DO I OUT OF HERE GET??
OH, WELL... EVERYONE ELSE IS DOING THIS...
ALL ALONE THEY LEFT ME IN THESE WALLS TO WANDER!
RAOUL!
VLADISLAV!
MY WORD! THE WETSTUMP AIR FORCE! WHAT IS IT?
PRINCE VLADISLAV IS DEPOSED! THE NEW GOVERNMENT IS NOW IN POWER! THE NEW FOREIGN MINISTER IS SCZBLK!
ALL HAIL SCZBLK!
WHERE IS SCZBLK?
HERE I AM!
YOUR EXCELLENCY!
AH, WELL... COME, FRIEND RAOUL... LET US BE ON OUR WAY!
WHERE IS BRENDA? HAVE YOU SEEN HER?
I WAS BROWSING AROUND THE PLACE...
FOR A JOB TO LOOK IS VLADISLAV GOING! ARE YOU WITH US?
ALORS! TO WORK HAS SCZBLK SETTLED DOWN...
GOLLY! THE SPIES ARE BACK AT WORK, TOO... SPYING ON SCZBLK!!
NATURALLY! MY COUNTRYMEN ARE VERY INDUSTRIOUS!

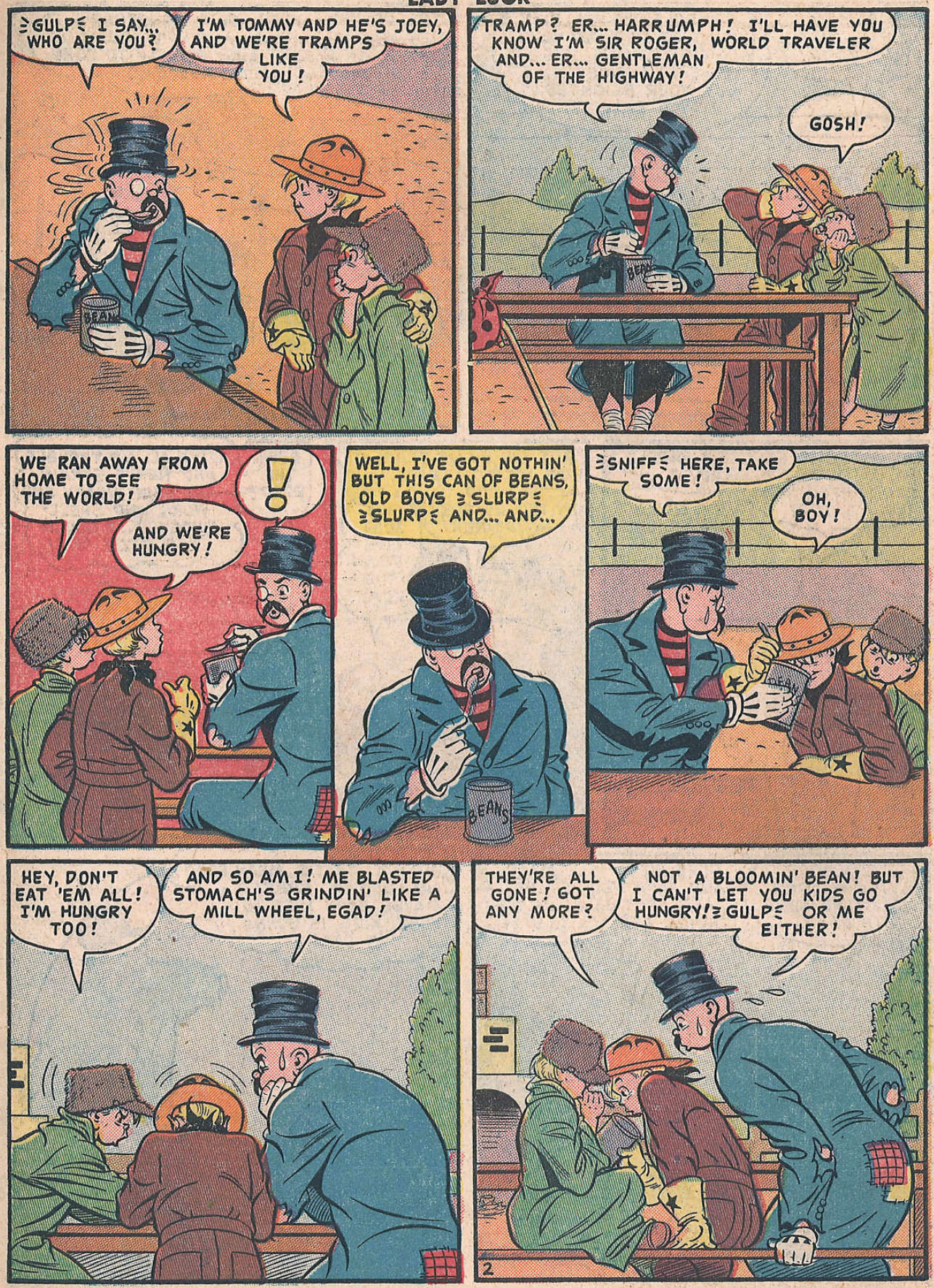
Sir ROGER

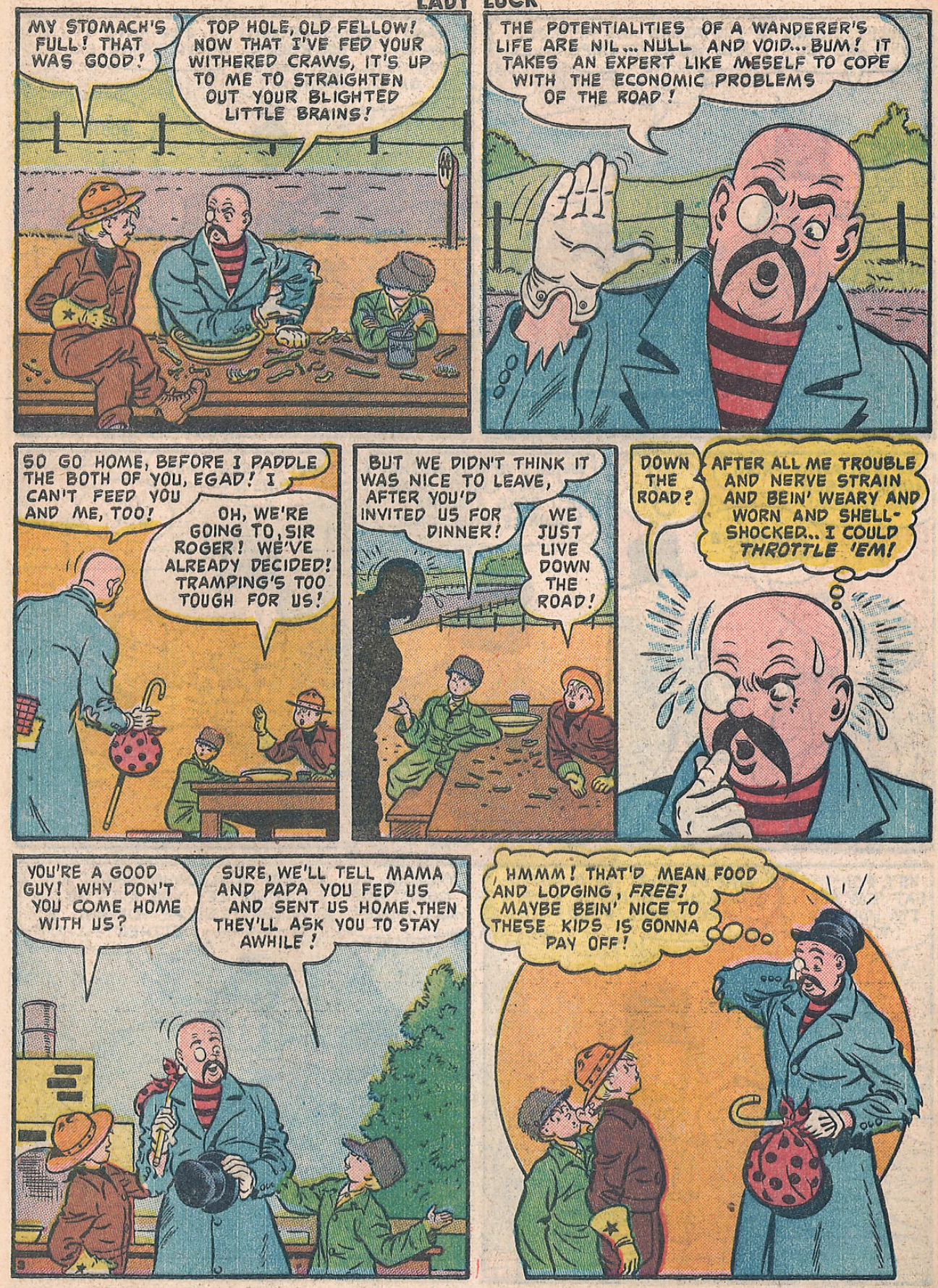

AHHH, A ROADSIDE PICNIC SPOT... A JOLLY PLACE FOR A WEARY TRAVELER TO INDULGE HIMSELF IN A BANQUET!
BEANS
44


THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE A BALLY CAN OF BEANS TO FILL THE BLASTED CAVITY IN A MAN'S STOMACH!
BEANS

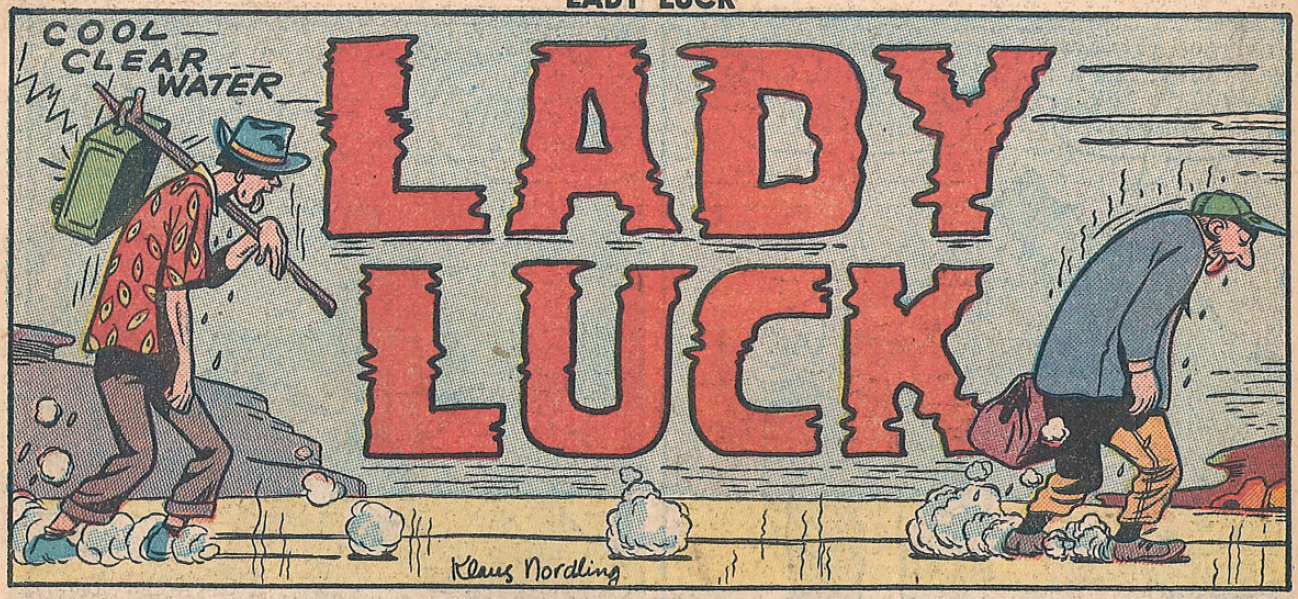
I'LL SIT AT THE TABLE AND EAT ME MEAL IN PEACE FOR A CHANGE!
BEANS

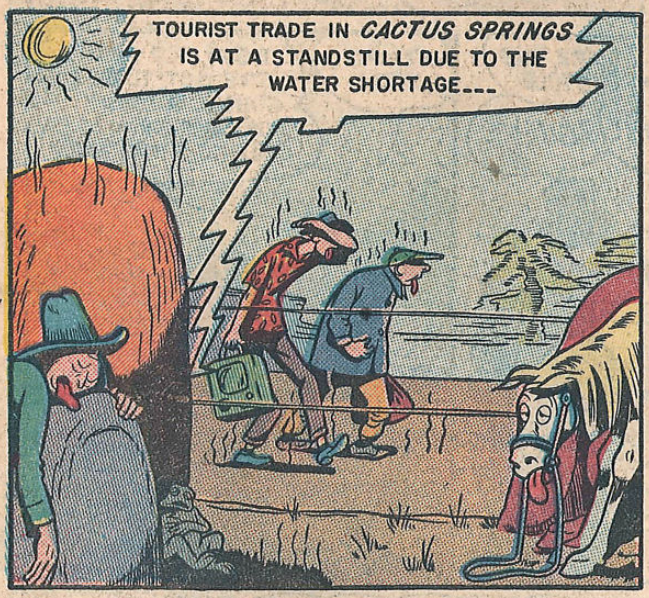
UMMM! SLURP SLURP
THAT LOOKS GOOD! I'M STARVED!
YEAH, SO AM I!

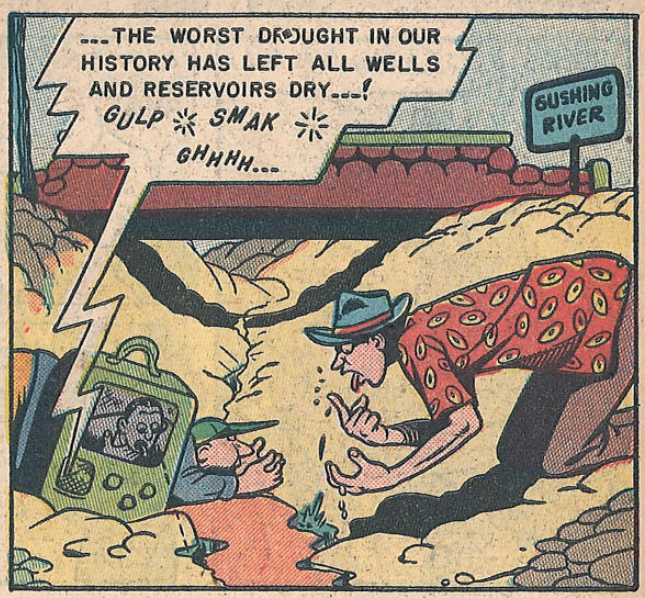

≥GULP≤ I SAY... WHO ARE YOU?
I'M TOMMY AND HE'S JOEY, AND WE'RE TRAMPS LIKE YOU!
BEANS
TRAMP? ER... HARRUMPH! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M SIR ROGER, WORLD TRAVELER AND... ER... GENTLEMAN OF THE HIGHWAY!
GOSH!
WE RAN AWAY FROM HOME TO SEE THE WORLD!
!
AND WE'RE HUNGRY!
WELL, I'VE GOT NOTHIN' BUT THIS CAN OF BEANS, OLD BOYS ≥SLURP≤ ≥SLURP≤ AND... AND...
BEANS
≥SNIFF≤ HERE, TAKE SOME!
OH, BOY!
HEY, DON'T EAT 'EM ALL! I'M HUNGRY TOO!
AND SO AM I! ME BLASTED STOMACH'S GRINDIN' LIKE A MILL WHEEL, EGAD!
THEY'RE ALL GONE! GOT ANY MORE?
NOT A BLOOMIN' BEAN! BUT I CAN'T LET YOU KIDS GO HUNGRY! ≥GULP≤ OR ME EITHER!
2

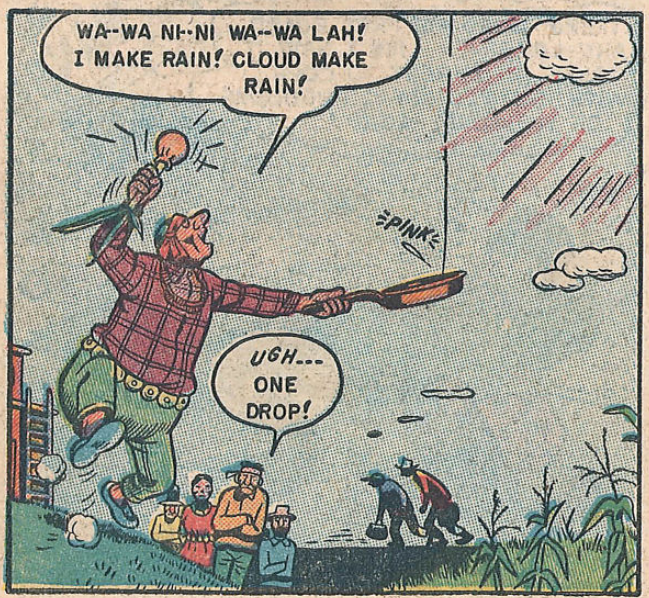

MY STOMACH'S FULL! THAT WAS GOOD!
TOP HOLE, OLD FELLOW! NOW THAT I'VE FED YOUR WITHERED CRAWS, IT'S UP TO ME TO STRAIGHTEN OUT YOUR BLIGHTED LITTLE BRAINS!
THE POTENTIALITIES OF A WANDERER'S LIFE ARE NIL... NULL AND VOID... BUM! IT TAKES AN EXPERT LIKE MESELF TO COPE WITH THE ECONOMIC PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD!
SO GO HOME, BEFORE I PADDLE THE BOTH OF YOU, EGAD! I CAN'T FEED YOU AND ME, TOO!
OH, WE'RE GOING TO, SIR ROGER! WE'VE ALREADY DECIDED! TRAMPING'S TOO TOUGH FOR US!
BUT WE DIDN'T THINK IT WAS NICE TO LEAVE, AFTER YOU'D INVITED US FOR DINNER!
WE JUST LIVE DOWN THE ROAD!
DOWN THE ROAD?
AFTER ALL ME TROUBLE AND NERVE STRAIN AND BEIN' WEARY AND WORN AND SHELL-SHOCKED... I COULD THROTTLE 'EM!
YOU'RE A GOOD GUY! WHY DON'T YOU COME HOME WITH US?
SURE, WE'LL TELL MAMA AND PAPA YOU FED US AND SENT US HOME. THEN THEY'LL ASK YOU TO STAY AWHILE!
HMMM! THAT'D MEAN FOOD AND LODGING, FREE! MAYBE BEIN' NICE TO THESE KIDS IS GONNA PAY OFF!

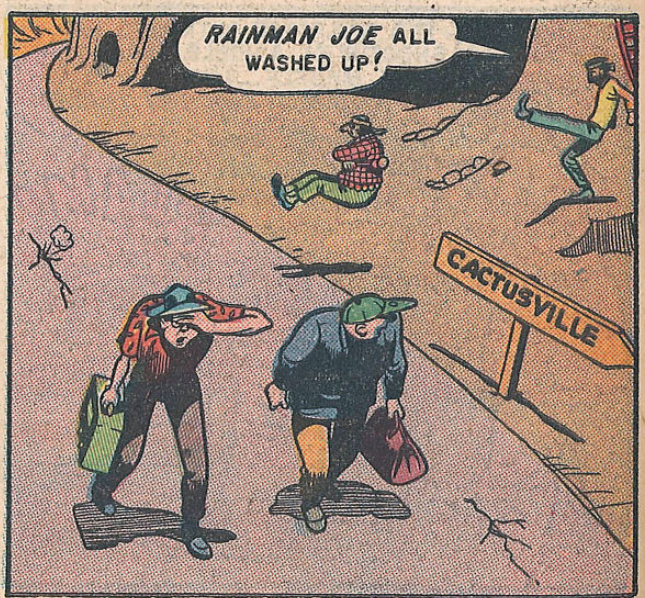
BY JOVE, I'LL DO IT, OLD BOYS... AS A FAVOR TO YOU, OF COURSE!
WE HAVE LOTS OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT... CHICKEN AND STEAKS AND ROAST BEEF...
... AND PIE AND ICE CREAM AND STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE...
I SAY... I'M IN LUCK! I CAN REST ME BONES AND FILL ME STOMACH! BLIMEY, THAT'S TOPS!
THERE'S OUR HOUSE!
YOU MEAN... ULP!
AND THAT'S PAPA!
AWK! YOU'RE THE BUM WHO STOLE MY CHICKEN!
GULP
I'LL FIX YOU...
I SAY, OLD BEANS, I'VE GOT TO GET GOIN'... RUSHIN' BUSINESS, YOU KNOW! CHEERIO AND PIP-PIP!
IT'S A BLASTED OUTRAGE... HIM SHOOTIN' AT A NOBLE CHARACTER LIKE MESELF... LIKE I WAS A COMMON CHICKEN THIEF!
BLAM!
THERE GOES ME FREE BOARD AND LODGIN'! LIKE I SAID, IT TAKES AN EXPERT TO COPE WITH THE ECONOMIC PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD, EGAD!
BANG!
BAM!

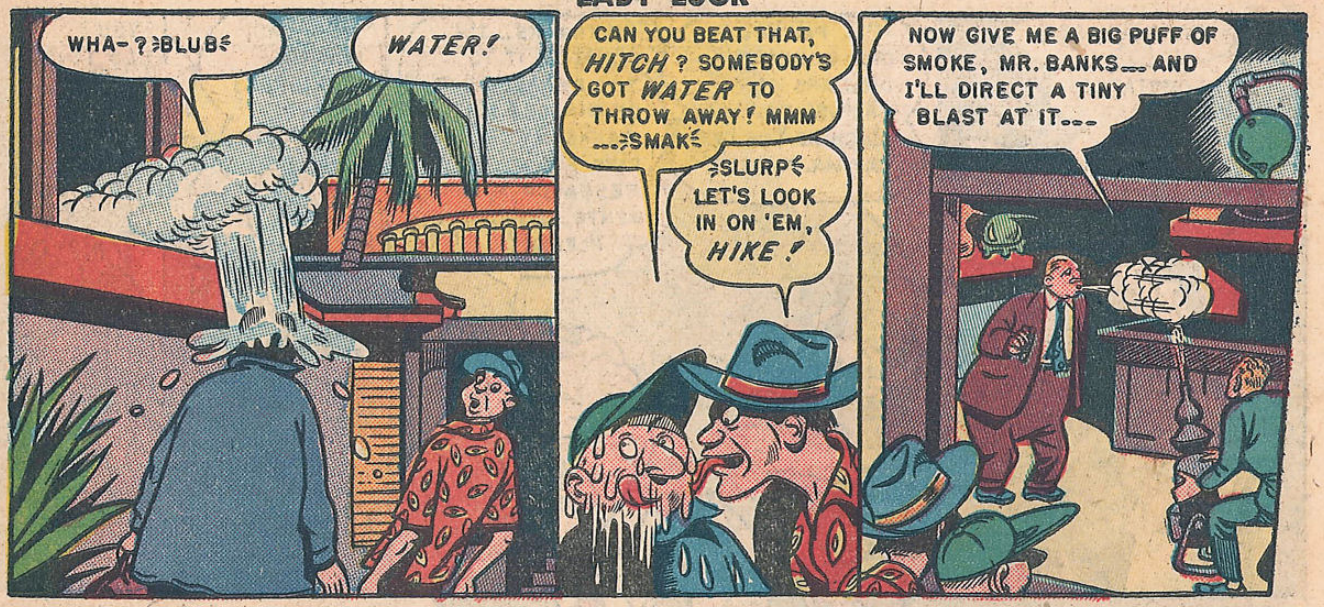

COOL— CLEAR WATER—
LADY LUCK
Klaus Nordling

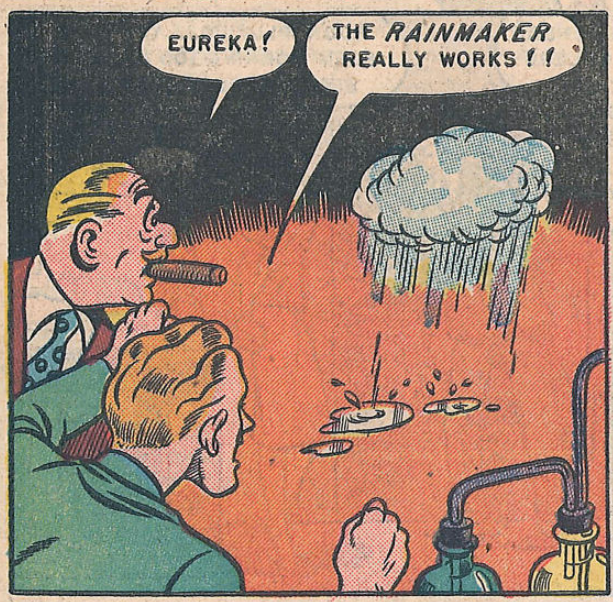

TOURIST TRADE IN CACTUS SPRINGS IS AT A STANDSTILL DUE TO THE WATER SHORTAGE---

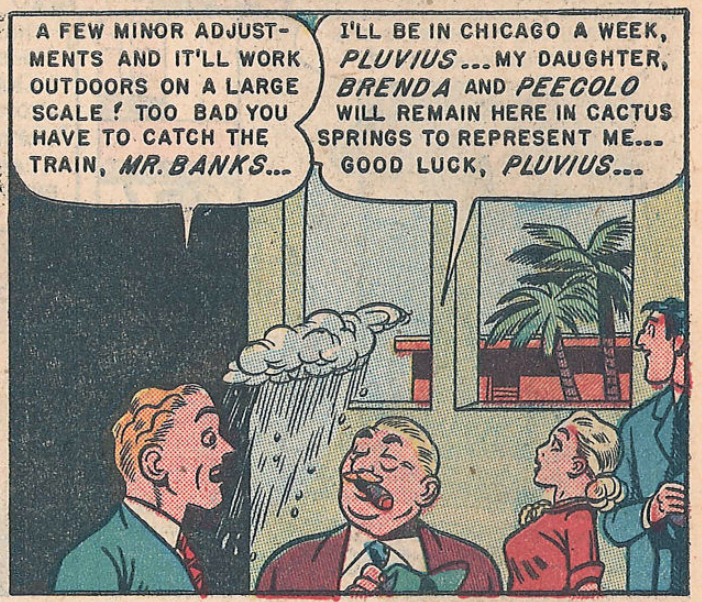

---THE WORST DROUGHT IN OUR HISTORY HAS LEFT ALL WELLS AND RESERVOIRS DRY---!
GULP SMAK GHHHH---
GUSHING RIVER


WA--WA NI--NI WA--WA LAH! I MAKE RAIN! CLOUD MAKE RAIN!
PINK
UGH--- ONE DROP!


RAINMAN JOE ALL WASHED UP!
CACTUSVILLE


WHA-?
BLUB
WATER!
CAN YOU BEAT THAT, HITCH? SOMEBODY'S GOT WATER TO THROW AWAY! MMM ...
SMAK
SLURP
LET'S LOOK IN ON 'EM, HIKE!
NOW GIVE ME A BIG PUFF OF SMOKE, MR. BANKS... AND I'LL DIRECT A TINY BLAST AT IT...

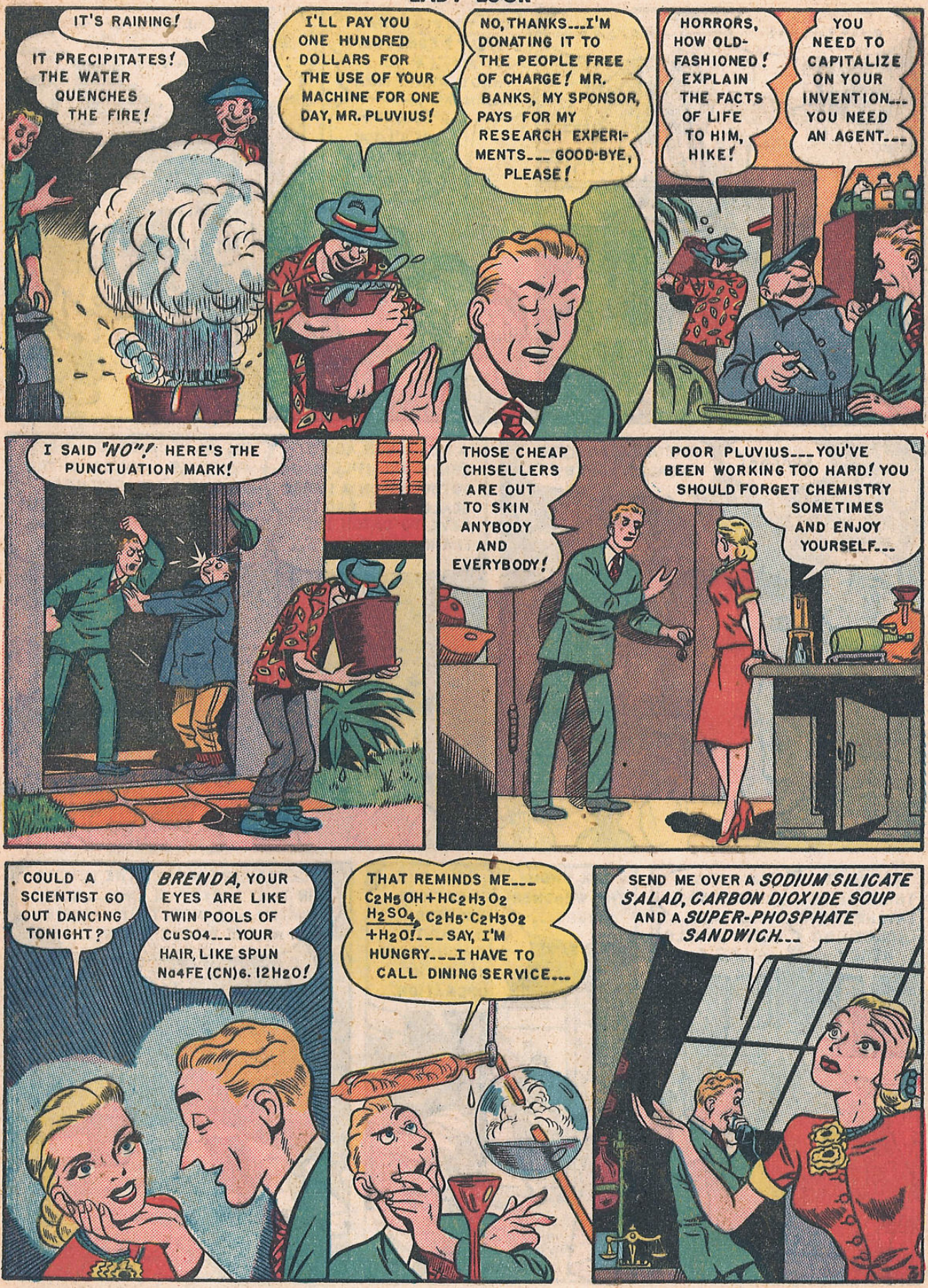

EUREKA!
THE RAINMAKER REALLY WORKS!!


A FEW MINOR ADJUSTMENTS AND IT'LL WORK OUTDOORS ON A LARGE SCALE! TOO BAD YOU HAVE TO CATCH THE TRAIN, MR. BANKS...
I'LL BE IN CHICAGO A WEEK, PLUVIUS... MY DAUGHTER, BRENDA AND PEECOLO WILL REMAIN HERE IN CACTUS SPRINGS TO REPRESENT ME... GOOD LUCK, PLUVIUS...

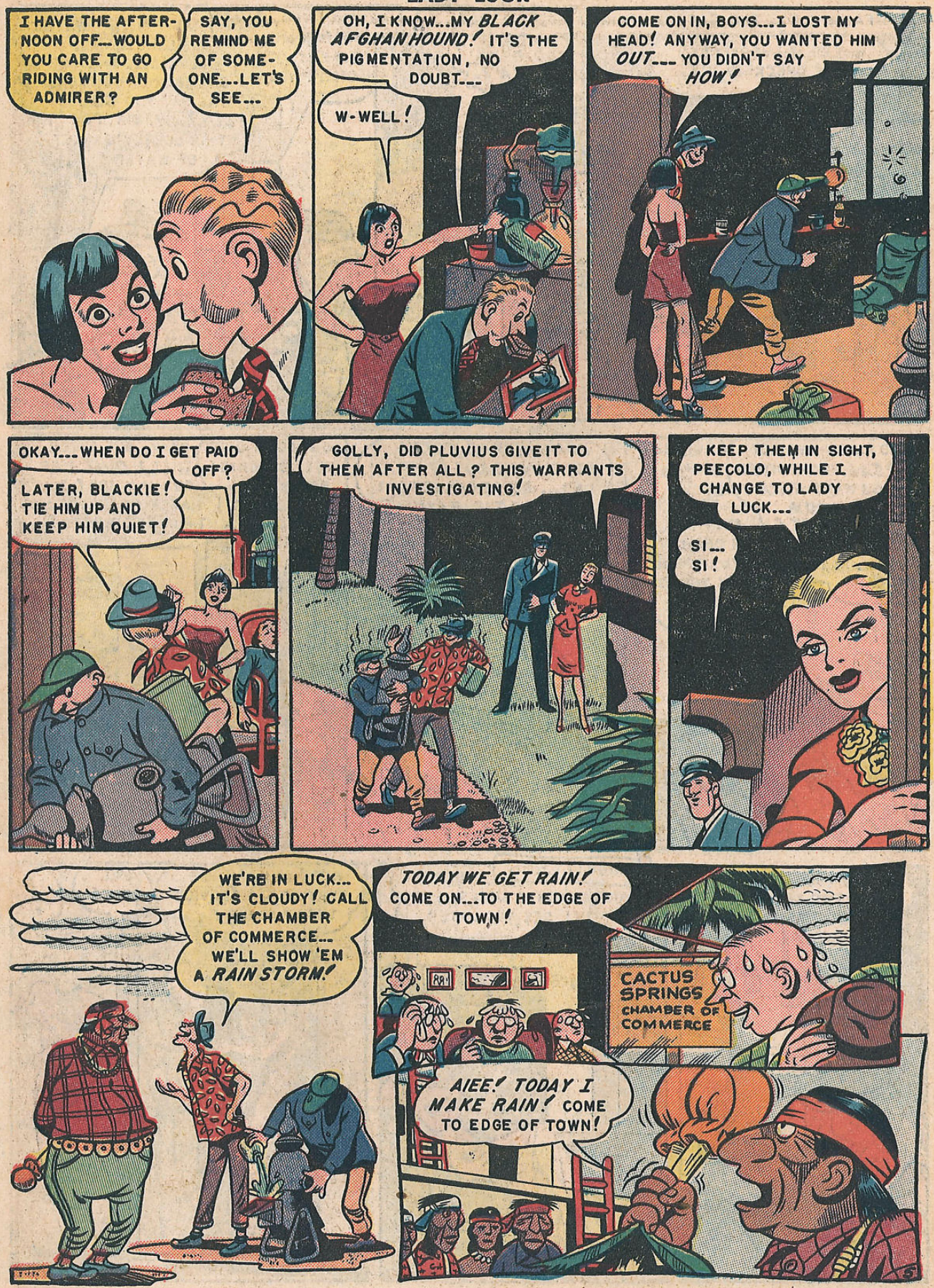
HITCH, I THINK WE'VE LATCHED ONTO SOMETHING HERE!
I'M NOT AVERSE TO A FEW FAST BUCKS MYSELF, HIKE!
2

WE'RE FROM THE WEATHER BUREAU...
HE'S THE WEATHER INSPECTOR... HE'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR RAINMAKER IN OPERATION...

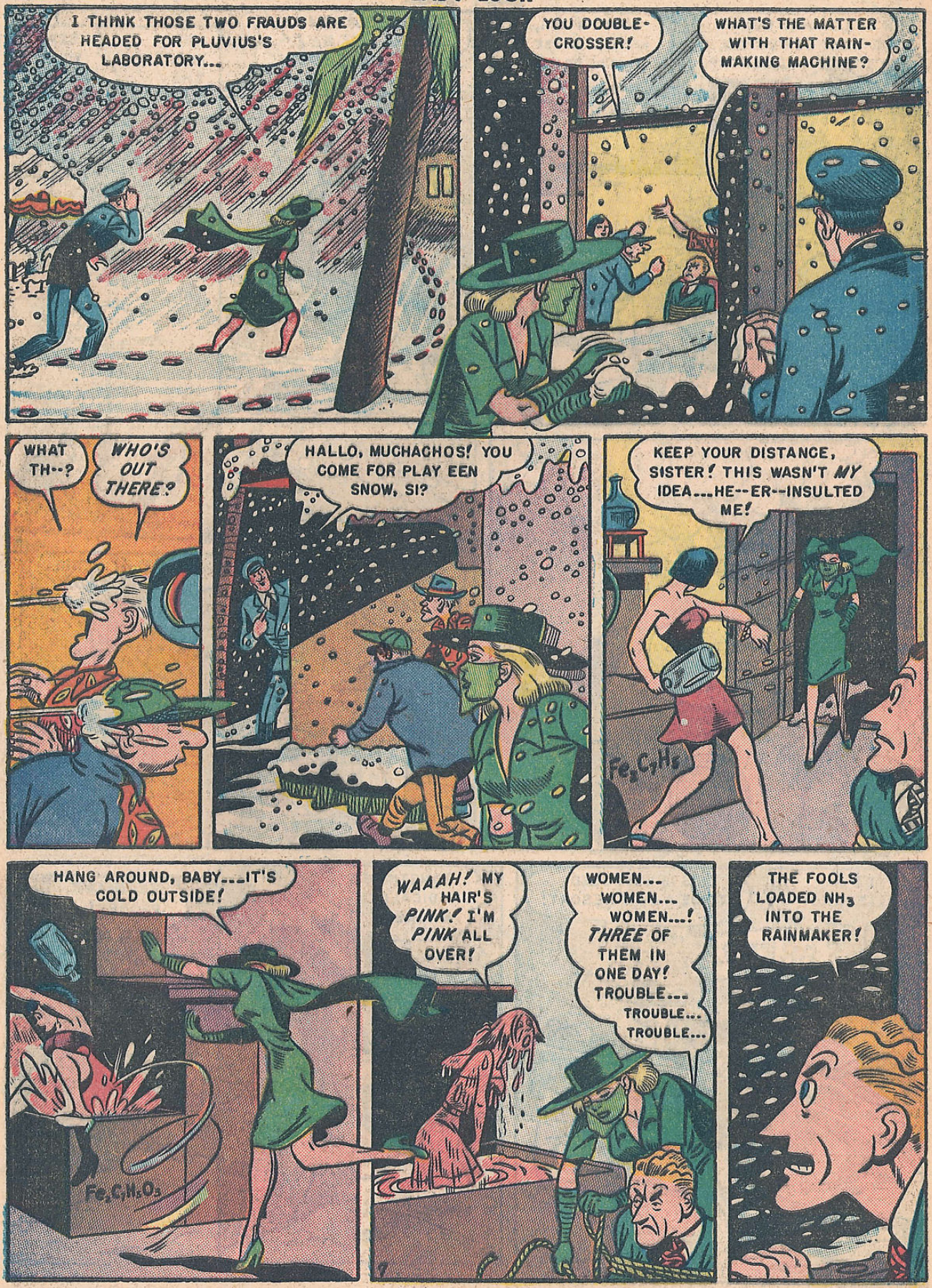
CERTAINLY! WE SET THE TRASH IN THAT BASKET ON FIRE... NOW WATCH... I DIRECT MY MACHINE AT THE SMOKE CLOUD...


IT'S RAINING!
IT PRECIPITATES! THE WATER QUENCHES THE FIRE!
I'LL PAY YOU ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE USE OF YOUR MACHINE FOR ONE DAY, MR. PLUVIUS!
NO, THANKS...I'M DONATING IT TO THE PEOPLE FREE OF CHARGE! MR. BANKS, MY SPONSOR, PAYS FOR MY RESEARCH EXPERIMENTS... GOOD-BYE, PLEASE!
HORRORS, HOW OLD-FASHIONED! EXPLAIN THE FACTS OF LIFE TO HIM, HIKE!
YOU NEED TO CAPITALIZE ON YOUR INVENTION... YOU NEED AN AGENT...
I SAID "NO"! HERE'S THE PUNCTUATION MARK!
THOSE CHEAP CHISELLERS ARE OUT TO SKIN ANYBODY AND EVERYBODY!
POOR PLUVIUS...YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! YOU SHOULD FORGET CHEMISTRY SOMETIMES AND ENJOY YOURSELF...
COULD A SCIENTIST GO OUT DANCING TONIGHT?
BRENDA, YOUR EYES ARE LIKE TWIN POOLS OF CuSO4... YOUR HAIR, LIKE SPUN Na4FE(CN)6. 12H2O!
THAT REMINDS ME... $C_2H_5OH + HC_2H_3O_2 \xrightarrow{H_2SO_4} C_2H_5 \cdot C_2H_3O_2 + H_2O$!... SAY, I'M HUNGRY...I HAVE TO CALL DINING SERVICE...
SEND ME OVER A SODIUM SILICATE SALAD, CARBON DIOXIDE SOUP AND A SUPER-PHOSPHATE SANDWICH...

MEANWHILE... THE CACTUS SPRINGS HOTEL LOBBY...
WHERE IS EVERYBODY? WE'RE CHECKING IN!
HUH? IN?
PING
PING
Vacation in Lovely CACTUS SPRINGS
YESSIR! YES, SIR! PARDON ME, YOU DID SAY IN, DIDN'T YOU?
MM MMMM... WATER! COOL... CLEAR... LOVELY... THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE WILL PAY YOU ONE DOLLAR, SIR, FOR THIS LOVELY BASKET OF WATER!
SOLD! NOW I'VE GOT A REAL PROPOSITION ... YOU WANT RAIN? I'LL SELL YOU A CLOUDBURST! AT $ 2000 AN INCH... IS IT A DEAL?
AGREED! AAHHHH... BLUBLBLB ANYTHING FOR DEAR OLD CACTUS SPRINGS! THANK YOU, SIR BLOOP
SOMEHOW WE GOTTA GET PLUVIUS OUT OF HIS LAB... SO WE CAN GET OUR HANDS ON THE RAIN MACHINE!
OH, DON'T QUIT YET, BLACKIE! BRING MR. PLUVIUS HIS LUNCH! PLEASE!
OKAY, BUT AFTER THAT I QUIT THIS CRUMMY JOB! I HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT TIP IN TWO WEEKS!
QUICK, HIKE... DO YOU HAVE TWO BITS FOR A TIP?
SHORTLY... THERE'S YOUR LUNCH, I GUESS... HI-HO! I'LL SEE YOU LATER...
KNOCK KNOCK
HERE YOU ARE, MR. PLUVIUS♫♫ SERVICE WITH A SMILE!
I'LL SAY!
!


I HAVE THE AFTERNOON OFF... WOULD YOU CARE TO GO RIDING WITH AN ADMIRER?
SAY, YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE... LET'S SEE...
OH, I KNOW... MY BLACK AFGHAN HOUND! IT'S THE PIGMENTATION, NO DOUBT...
W-WELL!
COME ON IN, BOYS... I LOST MY HEAD! ANYWAY, YOU WANTED HIM OUT... YOU DIDN'T SAY HOW!
OKAY... WHEN DO I GET PAID OFF?
LATER, BLACKIE! TIE HIM UP AND KEEP HIM QUIET!
GOLLY, DID PLUVIUS GIVE IT TO THEM AFTER ALL? THIS WARRANTS INVESTIGATING!
KEEP THEM IN SIGHT, PEECOLO, WHILE I CHANGE TO LADY LUCK...
SI... SI!
WE'RE IN LUCK... IT'S CLOUDY! CALL THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE... WE'LL SHOW 'EM A RAIN STORM!
TODAY WE GET RAIN! COME ON... TO THE EDGE OF TOWN!
CACTUS SPRINGS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
AIEE! TODAY I MAKE RAIN! COME TO EDGE OF TOWN!

POR CIELO! WHY DON'T SOMETHEENGS HOPPEN, LADY LUCK?
GOTTA MATCH, HITCH?... MAYBE THAT'LL DO IT!
WAHWAWAWAWAAH! CLOUD GET WET! WET COME DOWN!
WHUP! THERE SHE BLOWS!
KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, HITCH!
LOOK!
SOMETHING'S COMING DOWN!
WHAT IS THIS? SNOW?
SNOW?
YEAH... SNOW!
IT'S A BLIZZARD!
THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A SUN RESORT!
BRRRR...
SOMETHING'S RADICALLY WRONG!!
RAINMAN!
PHOOEY!


I THINK THOSE TWO FRAUDS ARE HEADED FOR PLUVIUS'S LABORATORY...
YOU DOUBLE-CROSSER!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT RAIN-MAKING MACHINE?
WHAT TH--?
WHO'S OUT THERE?
HALLO, MUCHACHOS! YOU COME FOR PLAY EEN SNOW, SI?
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, SISTER! THIS WASN'T MY IDEA...HE--ER--INSULTED ME!
Fe3C6H8
HANG AROUND, BABY...IT'S COLD OUTSIDE!
Fe2C4H6O3
WAAAH! MY HAIR'S PINK! I'M PINK ALL OVER!
WOMEN... WOMEN... WOMEN...! THREE OF THEM IN ONE DAY! TROUBLE... TROUBLE... TROUBLE...
THE FOOLS LOADED NH3 INTO THE RAINMAKER!

I THINK I CAN CORRECT THE CONDITION WITH H_2SO_4 Zn ⟶ $ZnSO_4$ + H_2 ↑...
THERE! WHEW... GETTING WARM ALREADY!
THAT DOES IT!
THE SUN'S OUT!
CACTUS SPRINGS SURE HAS WATER!
LET US VOTE AN APPROPRIATION OF $5000 TO MR. PLUVIUS, OUR HERO! ALL IN FAVOR?
AYE!
AYE!
AYE!
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
ONCE MORE, THE SUN CARESSES A HAPPY, LUSH, VERDANT COMMUNITY... CACTUS SPRINGS HAS WATER...
RUGS · BLANKE
REAL ESTATE
SLIGHTLY DAMP
CACTUS SPRINGS 1M.

Murder Lays an Egg

BETTY DEERING bent and snatched a small stone from the azalea bed. Her slim body arched, her red hair flew out in the breeze and she hurled the stone to chase the big tomcat that was threatening the birds in the garden. She threw like a man, and the stone flew across the garden, hitting the wall near the cat to frighten the animal. The cat scampered off in terror.

Behind Betty, a man's voice said, "That was a good shot, Miss Deering."

Betty whirled, her cheeks turning pink as she saw the smiling, gray-haired man in the wheelchair. "I . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Crane."

He chuckled. "Don't apologize for defending the weak or helpless, my dear. And speaking of the helpless, would you wheel me to my room?" As Betty pushed the wheelchair up the ramp into the big mansion, her employer asked, "Where did you learn to throw like that?"

"At home," Betty smiled. "My brothers taught me to pitch their way. I guess I'm just a tomboy at heart."

She broke off as the tall, gaunt figure of Hoskin, the butler, appeared He gave her a cold, unfriendly look. "I'll seee Mr. Crane to his room, Nurse Deering. You'd better tend to his dinner."

As she went to the kitchen, Betty's lips were tight. Ever since she had taken the job as nurse to the aging and wealthy Thomas Crane, she had both hated and feared the cat-footed Hoskin.

Hoskin came into the kitchen "I'll take Mr. Crane's dinner up," he growled. "And he says you are to take the evening off."

Betty hesitated. "But I always serve his dinner first . . ."

"You heard me," Hoskin snarled with sudden savagery "Get out!"

A few moments later, she went out. Hoskin watched from the doorway and presently she heard the door slam.

"He's up to something," she thought. "I know he's going to do something terrible. I've felt it for a long time. He hates poor Mr Crane and he wants his money"

She went out the gate and down the street. Mulligan, the cop who passed there every half hour, gave her an admiring salute. Betty caught herself in the act of stopping Mulligan to voice her suspicions.

Around the corner, Betty slipped through a side gate and ran through the shadows back to a point where she could see through the windows of Mr Crane's bedroom. Her worst fears were realized. Hoskin was standing menacingly above Mr Crane's wheelchair. He held a gun in his hand.

"You got one more chance," Hoskin snarled, his voice reaching Betty's ears. "Give me the combination to your safe and make it snappy."

Mr. Crane raised a gaunt, determined face. "I won't," he said firmly. "I'll not be intimidated by a cheap hoodlum."

Sick with horror, Betty turned away. She had to find Mulligan quickly, get the police there before he harmed Mr. Crane. As she started to edge back from the window, she tripped over a stone. Losing her balance, she fell through the window, and onto the floor at their feet.

Hoskin whirled, his gun up. Then his evil face relaxed. "Well, if this isn't a break. Now I don't have to worry about *you* any more."

"You beast," Betty spat furiously. "If you dare lay a hand on Mr. Crane, I'll—I'll—"

"You'll what?" Hoskin growled. His hand closed on her wrist, jerking her erect. "I'm locking you in the storeroom for now. If Crane doesn't want to talk, I'll let him watch *you* get it. That should loosen his tongue."

In the storeroom, Hoskin bent over her. "You can scream out the window if you want to—but at the first scream, I'll finish off the old man."

The door slammed and he was gone. Through the window, barred against sneak thieves, Betty could see Mulligan, the patrolman, just strolling into sight.

Betty opened her mouth to yell but no sound came. Hoskin meant it. If he thought the law was closing in, he would kill Mr. Crane ruthlessly.

Suddenly her eyes fell on the refrigerator in the storeroom. In it were trays of eggs. With a little cry of hope, Betty snatched open the refrigerator door. Through the window, she saw Mulligan stop under the street light.

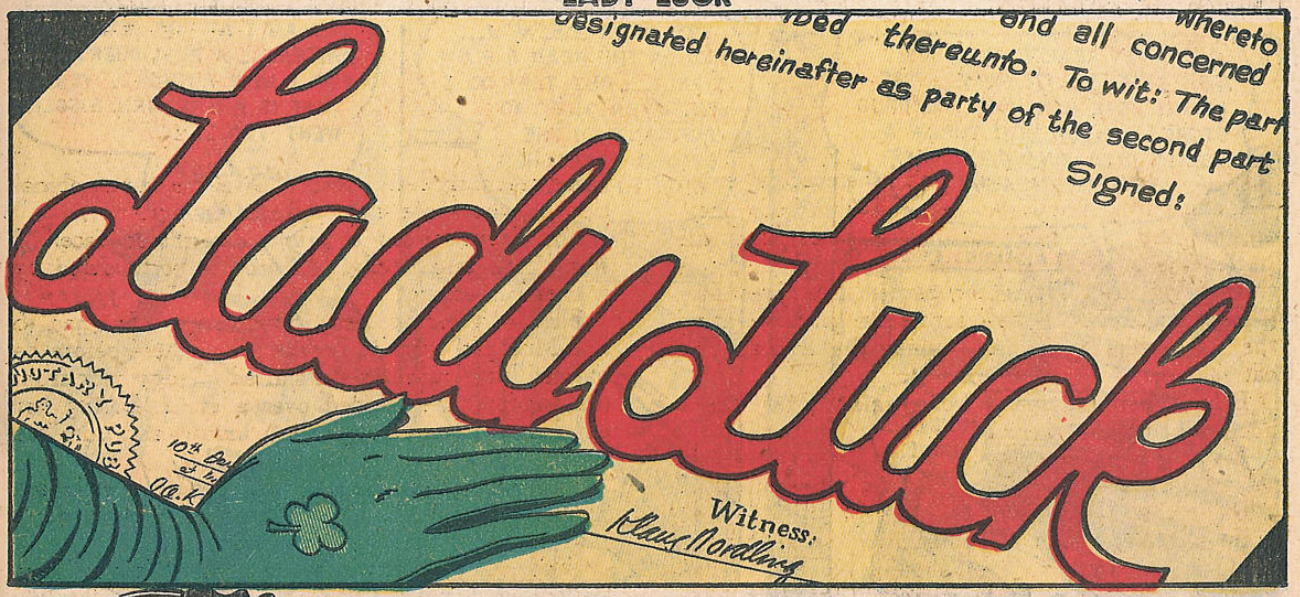
Betty snatched an egg and flung it out through the bars. On the street, Mulligan let out a yell of startled rage as the egg struck the back of his neck and shattered. He whirled suddenly. The second egg caught him full in the face.

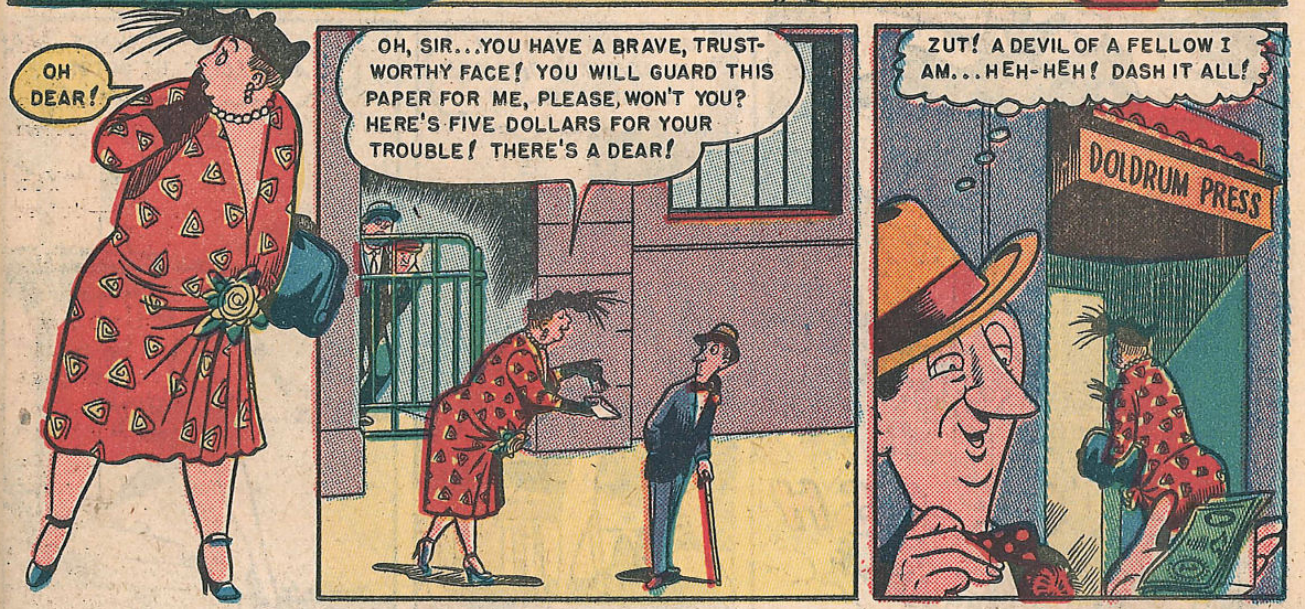
This egg had come more slowly and Mulligan saw exactly where it came from. Mulligan came through the gate like a small cyclone, charging up the path.

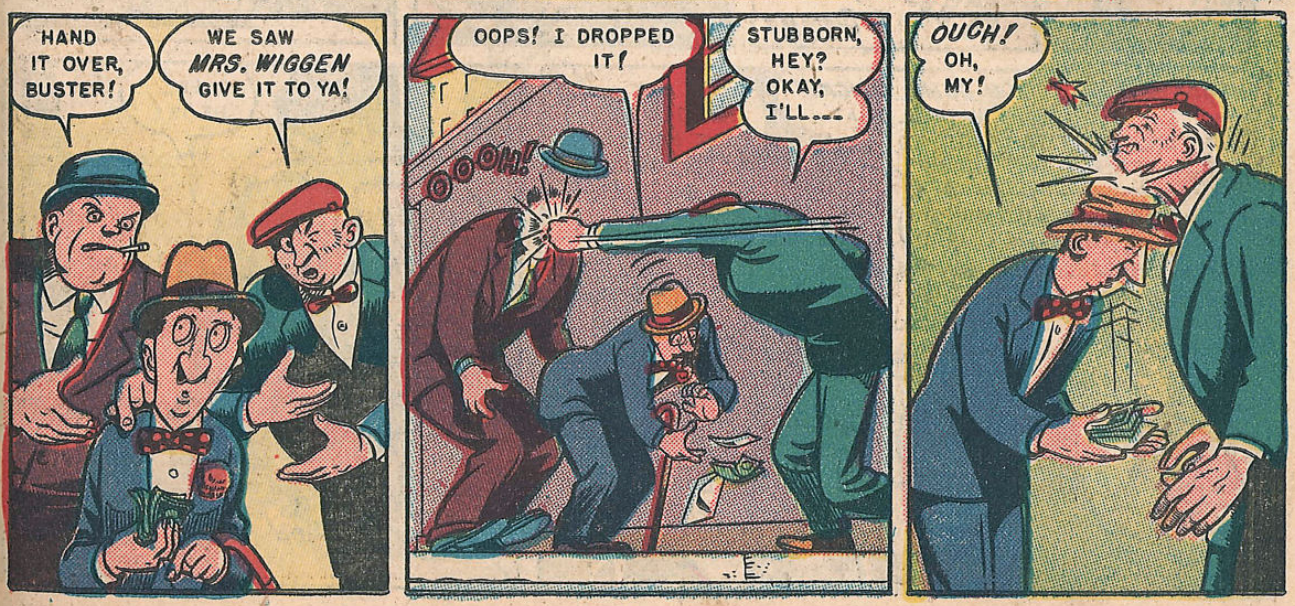
At the window, Betty cried softly, imploringly, "Mulligan, listen to me."

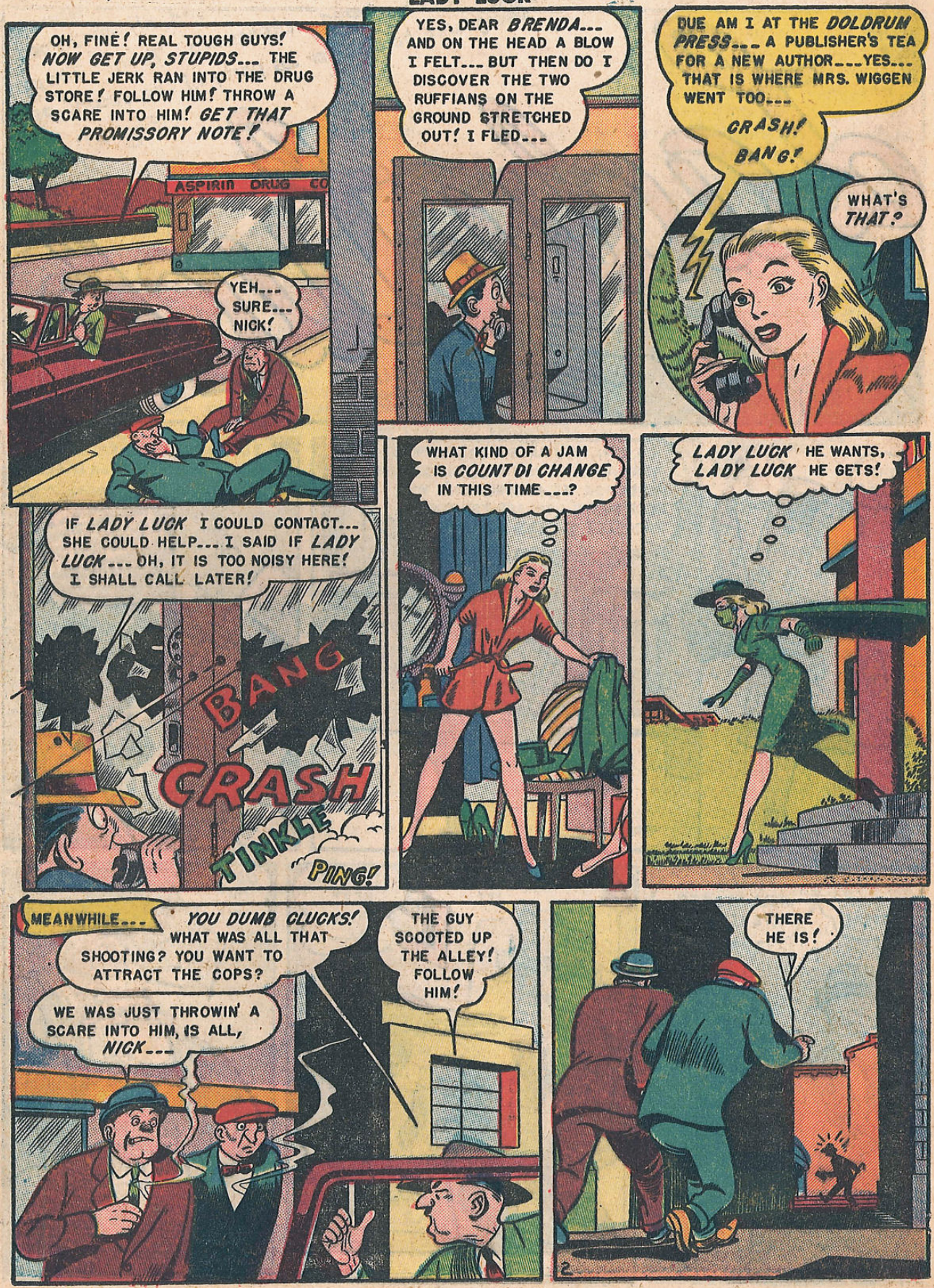
And Mulligan, who had been hoping for a chance to really get acquainted with the beautiful red-haired nurse, forgot his rage and listened. When he got the story, his rage came back but it was a cool and calculated fury, now. Watching him run up the path with his gun in hand, Betty thought she had never seen a finer, braver figure.

Mr. Crane gave them a cottage and a trip to Bermuda for a wedding present.


Lady Luck
...bed thereunto. To wit: The part designated hereinafter as party of the second part
...and all concerned whereto
Signed:
Witness:
Klaus Nordling


OH DEAR!
OH, SIR...YOU HAVE A BRAVE, TRUSTWORTHY FACE! YOU WILL GUARD THIS PAPER FOR ME, PLEASE, WON'T YOU? HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS FOR YOUR TROUBLE! THERE'S A DEAR!
ZUT! A DEVIL OF A FELLOW I AM...HEH-HEH! DASH IT ALL!
DOLDRUM PRESS


HAND IT OVER, BUSTER!
WE SAW MRS. WIGGEN GIVE IT TO YA!
OOPS! I DROPPED IT!
STUBBORN, HEY? OKAY, I'LL...
OOOH!
OUCH! OH, MY!


OH, FINE! REAL TOUGH GUYS! NOW GET UP, STUPIDS... THE LITTLE JERK RAN INTO THE DRUG STORE! FOLLOW HIM! THROW A SCARE INTO HIM! GET THAT PROMISSORY NOTE!
ASPIRIN DRUG CO
YEH... SURE... NICK!
YES, DEAR BRENDA... AND ON THE HEAD A BLOW I FELT... BUT THEN DO I DISCOVER THE TWO RUFFIANS ON THE GROUND STRETCHED OUT! I FLED...
DUE AM I AT THE DOLDRUM PRESS... A PUBLISHER'S TEA FOR A NEW AUTHOR... YES... THAT IS WHERE MRS. WIGGEN WENT TOO...
CRASH! BANG!
WHAT'S THAT?
IF LADY LUCK I COULD CONTACT... SHE COULD HELP... I SAID IF LADY LUCK... OH, IT IS TOO NOISY HERE! I SHALL CALL LATER!
BANG
CRASH
TINKLE
PING!
WHAT KIND OF A JAM IS COUNT DI CHANGE IN THIS TIME...?
LADY LUCK HE WANTS, LADY LUCK HE GETS!
MEANWHILE...
YOU DUMB CLUCKS! WHAT WAS ALL THAT SHOOTING? YOU WANT TO ATTRACT THE COPS?
WE WAS JUST THROWIN' A SCARE INTO HIM, IS ALL, NICK...
THE GUY SCOOTED UP THE ALLEY! FOLLOW HIM!
THERE HE IS!
2

OH, DELIVERANCE! IT IS LADY LUCK INDEED! PLEASE TO TAKE CUSTODY OF THIS WRETCHED DOCUMENT!
TO YOU TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF... I SPLIT THE FEE FIFTY-FIFTY! AU REVOIR... THE TEA PARTY I NOW ATTEND!
DOLDRUM PRESS
HMMM... IT'S A GAMBLING DEBT-- SIGNED BY NICK CANASTA! HE PROMISES TO PAY JOHN WIGGEN $6000 BY SEPTEMBER FIRST...
JOHN WIGGEN IS DEAD... SO THAT NOTE'S NO GOOD!
SO HAND IT OVER!
YOU MEAN NICK CANASTA DOESN'T ENJOY THE IDEA OF PAYING OFF THE VERY MUCH ALIVE MRS. WIGGEN, THE WIDOW AND HEIR!
OOOOO! MY NOSE AGAIN!
SINCE MRS. WIGGEN IS AT THE DOLDRUM TEA, I BELIEVE I'LL INVITE MYSELF TO TO THE PARTY...
DOLDRU
FINE! JUST PEACHY! GEDDUP! WE'RE GOING AFTER 'EM IN THE DOLDRUM BUILDING! YOU BUMS TRY NOT TO ATTRACT ANY ATTENTION!
WOTTA DAY...!
HERE HE IS, FRIENDS-- WAVERLY HINWIG, AUTHOR OF THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR..."STENNICLE'S WAKE"! I PREDICT A BIG YEAR... BEST-SELLER-- BOOK CLUBS-- MOVIES-- SCANDINAVIAN RIGHTS! GLANCE THROUGH IT, FRIENDS... AND THEN HAVE MR. HINWIG AUTOGRAPH YOUR COPY!

TERRIFIC!
WHAT A STORY! I CAN'T SET IT DOWN!
GRIPPING! I HAVE TO FINISH IT!
--BZZ--BZZZ..BZ--BZZZZ....
IT'S THAT GOOD?
YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING IN THAT BOOK, MR. DOLDRUM! THE STORY OF THE STENNICLE FAMILY WILL TAKE THE COUNTRY BY STORM! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU IN YOUR OFFICE...
BUT... MADAM... I... I...
BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN IT THAT REFLECT BADLY ON THE STENNICLE NAME! I AM STENNICLE'S SISTER, VIRGINIA--HERE'S MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE! I CAN SUE YOU FOR LIBEL!
OHHHHHH NO!
HOWEVER, I'LL BE CONTENT WITH A 20% ROYALTY ON EACH BOOK!
BUT...BUT... I'VE INVESTED HEAVILY IN THIS BOOK! THAT'S MY MARGIN OF PROFIT!
THAT IS MRS. WIGGEN!
20%... 20%... 20%
HERE'S YOUR PROMISSORY NOTE BACK, MRS. WIGGEN... AND A $2.50 REFUND!
OH, DEAR!
NOW, NOW...DEAR BOY! YOU TAKE CARE OF IT... TAKE IT! HERE'S FIFTY CENTS EXTRA!
THIS TIME YOU DON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, BUSTER!
GIVE!

THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN, GENTS!
UHMFF! M' NOSE!
I WAS WONDERING WHEN THE ARTILLERY COMES INTO ACTION!
NOW THAT WE'RE ALL CALMED DOWN... THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED, CANASTA, ISN'T IT?... IT'S ONLY YOUR METHODS I OBJECTED TO!
OHHHHHHHMMM... THANK YOU! BLESS YOU... BLESS YOU!
THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN... BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE...
Storage Room
COPS? OH! YES...THE COPS I CALL!
HE-EY! WHAT'S THIS? LET US OUTA HERE!!
I COULD SEE THAT YOU WANTED CANASTA TO GET THAT NOTE!
EXACTLY, DEAR! BUT THAT WAS A COPY HE TORE UP... I COPIED IT FROM THIS ORIGINAL, WHICH WILL GO TO MY LAWYER! NOW THAT CANASTA THINKS HE'S RID OF THE DEBT, HE WON'T SIC HIS GOONS ON A POOR WIDOW ANYMORE!
HMM... A GOOD FORGERY OF CANASTA'S SIGNATURE TO HAVE FOOLED HIM!
I'M JOHN WIGGEN'S WIDOW... HERE'S OUR MARRIAGE LICENSE...

LOOK, FOLKS, DON'T TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT "STENNICLE'S WAKE"...KEEP IT A SECRET... HIDE IT...BURN IT...
MR. DOLDRUM! THIS IS UNSPEAKABLE! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
Stennicles Wake
I CAN'T AFFORD TO PUSH THIS BOOK, WAVERLY! THIS...STENNICLE'S SISTER WANTS 20%! LIBEL, SHE SAYS, LIBEL!
PREPOSTEROUS!
HERE'S MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE... I'M VIRGINIA!
YOU CERTAINLY CARRY A LOT OF PAPERS!
OH, YES, I REMEMBER NOW... VIRGINIA STENNICLE WORKED FOR THE GOVERNMENT...
YES...YES... THAT'S RIGHT!
...THE F.B.I.! HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS!
NO, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT... SHE EMPTIED THE WASTE BASKETS IN THE PENTAGON BUILDING...
OH, YES... YES...
MY UNION CARD, DEAR!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, SHE DIED IN 1948!
OH, YES...HERE'S MY DEATH CERTIFIC... OOPS!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU'RE A FAKE... YOU'RE NOT WIGGEN'S WIDOW, NOT STENNICLE'S SISTER, NOT AN F.B.I. BASKET-EMPTIER! ALL THESE PAPERS ARE WORTHLESS FORGERIES! YOU'RE...
SADIE, THE INKSLINGER! THE SLICKEST FORGER IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE!
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME! I HAVE A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS... YIPE!
WE'RE BLASTING OUR WAY OUTA HERE!!
BAM
BAM
NICK CANASTA! WELCOME TO OUR MIDST!
YOU STARTED ALL THIS, CANASTA! AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW THINGS ABOUT YOUR GAMBLING... AND JOHN WIGGEN'S DEATH... AND...
SAVE IT, SADIE... WE'LL CLEAR IT ALL UP AT HEADQUARTERS!
HMMM...
SUCH AN INSPIRING NOVEL!
A STUPENDOUS CANVAS!
ECSTATIC!
With Best Wishes
EXCITING!
OH, IT MAKES LIFE AROUND US SEEM SO DULL!
YES!

PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY.. OR DON'T PAY!

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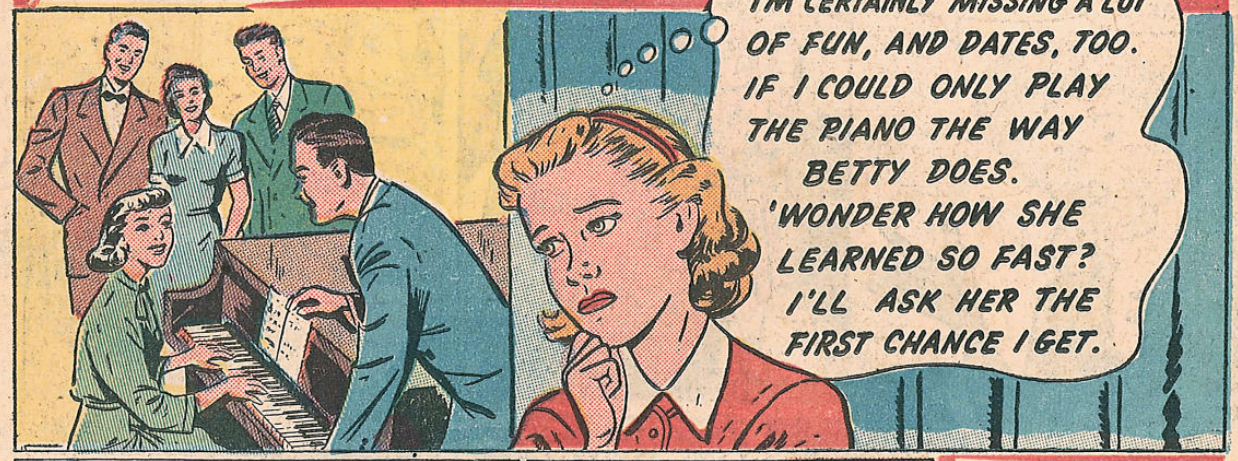

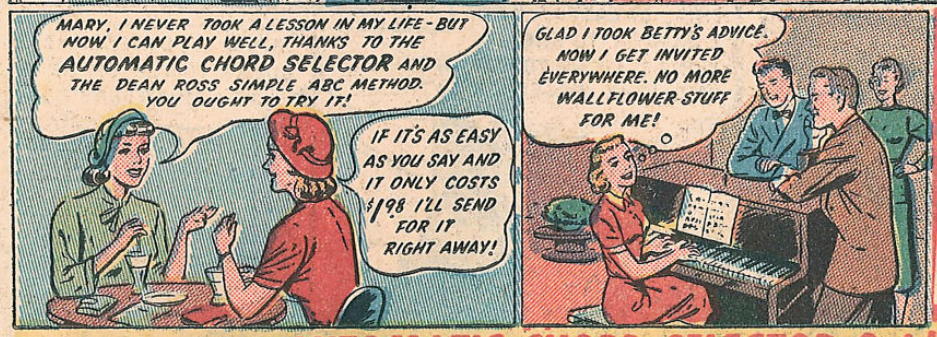

"I learned to play a song in 10 minutes."
—A.C.C., Washington

"Even if one never played a note it is easy."
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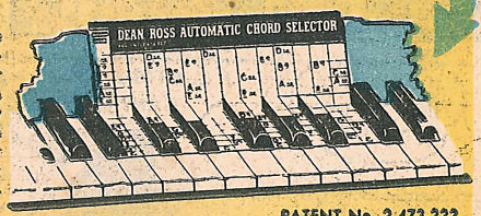

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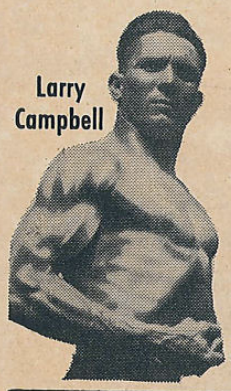

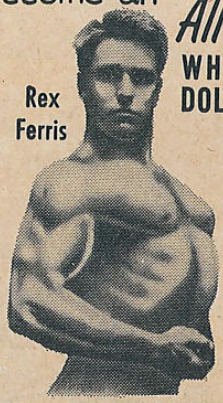

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